

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

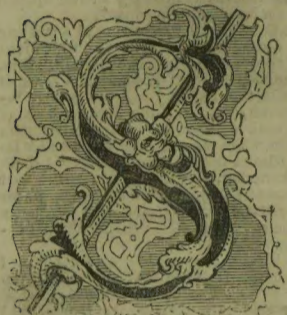


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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1846.

[SIXPENCE.]

THE END OF THE SEASON.



SOCIETY agrees, by one common consent, to call London empty in September, the metropolis at large being supposed to be on the "Moors." But a remnant of the dwellers of the close City still remain in it; a very large fraction, too, it will be found on computation. But they are only the people—the masses, as they are called—and count in genteel circles for nothing. The world, the "twice two thousand for whom Earth was made," and the ten times that number who think it ought to have been, have certainly vanished from the ways of men. There is a visible ebb in the stream of life Westward: crossings are passable, and sundry of the Clubs are very "despoblados." But, in the East, there are human beings yet surviving—actually existing, and daringly walking up and down, as if Fashion, and her sentence of temporary exile from Town, did not exist; as, for them, happily, they do not, whereby Cheapside still looks busy; and in the Poultry, there are signs of life. A simple observer, merely making use of his eyes, would say, perhaps, that, to all appearance, London is just as full, as active, and as noisy, as ever. But he must be cautious of avowing his impression; not to miss the *élite* when they depart, is a confession that you do not belong to them, and a suspicion of such a fact is equivalent to exclusion from decent society for ever after. So people go about complaining that "London is so empty," who would be puzzled to

prove that their own circle is diminished by a single unit. But it looks well to be cognisant of a diminution. It shows that, though a man can't afford to go to the Highlands for grouse, or Baden for excitement himself, he has friends who can; which, to some extent, is a negative consolation. When our country friends, then, hear from all quarters assertions of the silent void which London at this moment exhibits, they must be careful to interpret the phrase in a figurative rather than a literal sense. The Great Babel is not quite desolate; it is such an immensity that an ordinary city or two might be carved out of it bodily, without causing any very sensible decrease of buildings or people. And when it is said there's "absolutely nobody in Town," it must be remembered, that, though several, indeed, many individuals, in easy or uneasy circumstances, as the case may be, have really quitted it, there is still a trifling residue of a million and a half or so left behind. It is afflicting to think that so many fellow-creatures have to support life from September to Christmas amid all the luxuries and occupation of a great capital! But they do effect it; they actually do survive through the gloomy interval; as a proof of how nature accommodates itself to circumstances, they do so too with a considerable amount of contentment and satisfaction, and the return of the Pantomimes and the "Polite Circles" finds them vivacious and in good condition. Indeed, many of them think with Horace Smith, that London is "the best place in summer, and the *only* place in winter." But when we know that Laplanders and Esquimaux feel a bigoted attachment to their respective countries, this endurance of "Life in London" when "all the world" finds it insupportable, must be classed with the delusions with which nature compensates those who cannot escape from her most unhappy regions.

Nevertheless, there is one deficiency felt at the "Close of the

Season," which falls upon the fixed or permanent dwellers in this brick and mortar nation with peculiar severity. It is the dearth of their great article of consumption—News. The Ministers take flight from their well-feathered nests in Downing-street, like a select party of swallows, leaving, perhaps, one Secretary in town, to receive deputations (light work during the vacation), read despatches, and be at hand, in case of a rebellion at Birmingham. The House of Commons is locked up, and the mace safely deposited in the Speaker's plate closet; the Speaker himself is getting used to the luxury of a "quiet evening," spent without his wig; and, though the drowsy hum of the debates can be scarcely out of his ears, yet he begins to remember the whole Session as something like a bad dream, in which he was always hearing some one abusing somebody else, or apologising and explaining for having done so. The cessation of all this is a very serious loss to the public, to whom Lord George Bentinck and Disraeli were actually becoming daily necessities of life. Lord Brougham, too, was very valuable; but we are deprived of him just as he is most wanted. "All, all are gone;" and the old familiar names greet us from the morning columns no more.

This is, indeed, the great deprivation of which London has to complain at the "Close of the Season." It is not so much the departure of the inhabitants generally as of the politicians in particular: the thinning of the streets might be borne, but what shall supply the space left by the topics that drop out of the newspapers? Happily there are no limits to human ingenuity: what is not born of the time, can be made for it; what is kept in the back-ground during the season can be lent prominence out of it; and when matter fails at home, the fishers of men who manage those great drag-nets of intelligence, the morning papers, can sweep the Continent with a closer mesh, and land a draught of



minor incidents which in the "Season" would have been rejected.

Has the reader never remarked the importance foreign intelligence assumes immediately after the prorogation of Parliament? Take the past week, for instance, and what does it present, but the answer of Sir Robert Peel to the address from the merchants of Ebling, a small port on the Baltic; from which we learn that the Income-tax was meant to be perpetual. Truly it said we should go abroad to hear news of ourselves. Then we have had, at full length, the protest of Sleswig and Holstein in favour of a repeal of the union with Denmark; and the wearying controversy respecting the marriage of the Queen of Spain, a question at last brought to an end.

The disappearance of familiar names from our chronicles, and the increased volume afforded to the sayings and doings in other lands, is one of the surest signs of the close of the "Season." Like a garrison, when their stock of provisions is consumed, we are driven to resort to what we should never otherwise think of meddling with.

The present article is, indeed, a specimen of the expedients which a journalist may, at this period, be reduced to.

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

Good Night to the Season! 'tis over—
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The Captain, the Gambler, the Lover,
Are scattered like swallows away!
There is nobody left to invite one;
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My Mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My Patron is sailing at Cowes.

Good Night to the Season!—the building,
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The painting, the plastering, the gilding
Of Stucco, and Marble, and Brick.
The orders deliciously blended
For love of effect into one;
The Club-houses only intended,
The Palaces not yet begun.

Good Night to the Season!—the dances,
The filling of hot little rooms;
The glancing of rapturous glances,
The fancying of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which Fashion makes
duties,
The praising of fiddles and flutes;
The luxury of gazing at Beauties;
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists—planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane;

The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's Champagne!

Good Night to the Season!—the Flowers,
And the Grand Horticultural Fete!
When Boudoirs were quilted for Bowers,
And the fashion was not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure,
Grew rural o'er ices and wines—
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
And hungrily pining for pines!
The making of beautiful speeches,
The marring of beautiful shows,
The feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes!

Good night to the Season! Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and perfume, and noise.
Will it come with a Rose or a Briar?
Will it come with a Blessing or Curse?
Will its Bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter?
Or fonder of wrong or of right?
Or married, or buried? No matter:
Good Night to the Season! Good
Night!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

A telegraphic despatch was received yesterday from Paris, announcing the arrival of the Overland Indian Mail at Marseilles, on Wednesday. The only news which it brings is as follows:—"The cholera prevailed in Scinde from the 11th to the 23rd of June. There had died upwards of 8000. Among them are 895 Europeans, of whom 815 belong to the army, 595 Sepoys, and 7,000 natives. The disease had, however, entirely abated, and the navigation of the river had been resumed. A bad fever had broken out among the European soldiers, which was fatal in six hours; 70 had died, and upwards of 100 were sick."

FRANCE.

The trial of Joseph Henri, for the attempt upon the life of Louis Philippe, was not concluded when we went to press last week. The *Débats* has since published the finding and sentence of the Court of Peers. The accused, according to custom, was not present. M. Baroche, his advocate, was the only barrister in attendance. The President, amidst the most profound silence, read the following judgment:—

"The Court declares Joseph Henri guilty of an attempt against the person of the King—a crime provided for by the articles 86 and 88 of the Penal Code; and, therefore, condemns Joseph Henri to the penalty of hard labour for life. The Court condemns him, moreover, to the expenses of the trial, to be liquidated according to law, as much for that portion to be borne by the convict as for that portion to be defrayed by the State."

The *Journal des Débats* adds, that when the judgment was read by the Registrar of the Court to Joseph Henri, he appeared confounded and dejected. "That was not what I expected," said he, after a moment of silence. "I wished for a capital conviction; and I implored to be put to death as a favour and as an act of grace."

The Paris journal the *Constitutionnel* has been sold for a sum of 336,000fr. to M. Mosselman, brother to Countess Lehon. The friends of M. Thiers had offered 322,000fr.

The potato disease has begun to develop itself in the neighbourhood of Paris. The esculent is likewise attacked in the department of the Oise. Letters from Cressy mention that the potato fields, which hitherto had a magnificent appearance, are all attacked with that scourge.

Accounts have been received in Paris of the death of the Rev. Bishop Luscombe, for many years Chaplain of the British embassy in Paris. He died suddenly, at Lausanne, on the 24th ult., of disease of the heart.—Our contemporaries, in announcing this fact, fall into the error of calling Mr. Luscombe the Right Rev. Bishop Luscombe, as if he had a right to a seat on the episcopal bench, forgetting that Bishops do not act as Chaplains to Embassies. Bishop was Mr. Luscombe's name, and not his title.

The Chamber of Deputies having finished the formal business usual at the commencement of a Session, has proceeded to the election of President and the officers. The office of President was first balloted for, and the result was as follows:—

For M. Sanzet	233 votes.
Odillon Barrot	98 "
Dupin	9 "
Dupont de l'Eure	4 "
De Lamartine	2 "

The President *pro tem.* declared M. Sanzet to be duly elected.

The Chamber of Deputies afterwards proceeded to ballot for the four Vice-Presidents. The result was the election of M. Bignon, by 201 votes; M. Lepelletier d'Aunay, by 183; and M. Hebert, by 176. The next on the list was M. François Delavert, who, having obtained only 129 votes, or 52 less than the required majority (one more than a moiety of the members voting), was balloted for anew on Tuesday, with M. Billant, the Opposition candidate. M. Delavert, however, was successful, his election having been obtained by a majority of 147 votes to 86 given to M. Billant. M. Vatout had obtained 25 votes, and M. Debelleyre 20, and three others were lost.

The proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday were more than usually interesting. A question as to the validity of the election of M. Drault for the arrondissement of Poitiers raised a discussion as to the legality of pledges, in the course of which M. Guizot gave his opinion at considerable length, declaring that Deputies should come to the Chamber free and unfettered, and that as M. Drault had chosen to bind himself imperatively to vote in a certain manner on certain subjects, he was no longer a free agent, and his election ought therefore to be annulled. M. Odillon Barrot took up M. Guizot, and contended that M. Drault had only pledged himself to support opinions which were his own, and that he was perfectly justified in doing so. The majority of the Chamber, however, joined in opinion with M. Guizot. On a division a majority of 17 of the members present decided against the validity of the election, the members voting for annulling the return being 151, and against it 134. M. Drault was consequently unseated.

The report made to the Chamber by the bureau to which the election was referred was a curious one. It stated that the bureau would give no opinion as to the *mandat impératif*, which it would leave to the decision of the Chamber; but it proposed the annulling of the election, on the ground that M. Drault had given a pledge to the Legitimist party, which he did not inform the whole of his political friends that he had taken, the consequence of which was, that the electors were deceived, and gave their votes for a Legitimist, while they thought they were giving them to a member of the *centre gauche*. Consequently, the bureau found that there was "surprise, and that the election was not sincere," and on these grounds, it was proposed that the election should be cancelled. The utter absurdity of the ground taken by the bureau seemed to be felt by the Chamber, for, in the whole course of the debate, it was not once alluded to. The election was annulled—not on the ground that M. Drault had taken the Liberal electors by surprise, but that he had given written pledges. The decision of the Chamber has roused a perfect storm among the Opposition journals.

The *Sémaphore de Marseilles* of the 29th ult., brings accounts from Oran of the 25th. The entire province enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity, although Abd-el Kader still continued, with his deira, on the neighbouring frontier.

SPAIN.

Our accounts from Madrid inform us that the important question as to the marriage of the Queen of Spain has been settled:—

"It is decided that her Majesty Queen Isabella shall marry her Majesty's cousin, the Duke de Cadix (eldest son of Don Francisco de Paula), and that the Duke de Montpensier, youngest son of King Louis Philippe, shall marry her Majesty's sister, the Infanta Maria Luisa Fernanda."

"It is further settled that the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier are to leave Spain immediately after the marriage, and pass some time in France."

The *Times* contains the following letter, dated Madrid, August 28, confirmatory of the above intelligence.

"It is said that the ceremony of betrothing was performed last night at the Palace between the Queen and the Infant Don Francisco de Asia. I am also assured that it was done in the most mysterious and surreptitious manner, and

that not more than four or five persons were present. It is unnecessary to dwell on the importance of this news. I have just learned that at two o'clock this morning the Minister of Grace and Justice, M. Caneja, was summoned out of his bed to a Council of Ministers. At the same time several employés of the Ministerial offices were summoned, and in particular the Keeper of the Archives of the department of Grace and Justice."

THE UNITED STATES.

The *Great Western* arrived yesterday at Liverpool, with New York papers to the 20th ult.—five days later than the last. They do not, however, contain any news of importance, either respecting the United States or Mexico. The Mexican people appear to be indifferent as to the result of the war.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

VISIT OF THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY TO PORTSMOUTH.—The leading members of the Board of Admiralty are on a visit of inspection at Portsmouth. On Wednesday morning, the Earl of Auckland held a levee at the Admiralty House, when a great number of naval and military officers had the honour of interviews with his Lordship, who received them with his usual courtesy and urbanity. The stay of the Board will be four days, during which time a thorough inspection of all the naval departments will be made.

THE ARMY IN IRELAND.—The army in Ireland for August, 1846, consists of seven regiments of dragoons—viz., 2nd Dragoon Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 2nd Royal North British Dragoons (Scots Greys), 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, 8th Royal Irish Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, and 17th Lancers. Royal Horse Artillery, 2 troops. Royal Artillery, detachments of battalions. Officers Royal Engineers. 16 Regiments of Infantry, 25th Northumberland Fusiliers (under orders to embark for England), 6th Royal Regiment (under orders for the Cape of Good Hope), 26th (Cameronian), 41st (Welsh), 44th (East Essex), 47th (Lancashire), 49th (Princess Charlotte of Wales), 59th (2d Nottingham), 64th (2d Staffordshire), 67th (South Hampshire), 68th (Durham). Light Infantry.—70th (Surrey), 75th, 83d, 85th, Light Infantry, and 92d Highlanders. 20 Depts of Infantry.—1st battalion 1st Light, 7th Royal Fusiliers, 15th, 16th, 19th, 33d, 34th, 35th, 38th, 48th, 54th, 66th, 72d (Highland), 73d, 77th, 79th (Highland), 82d, 88th, Connaught Rangers, 93d (Highland), and 95th; with two companies of the 30th Regiment under orders to embark for England; forming an effective force of 22,000 men of all arms.

POLICE.

THE CHAIRMAN OF A RAILWAY COMPANY CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

We last week stated that a cheque of Messrs. Coutts, of a small amount, had been altered to £5000. The result of inquiries has been the apprehension of Captain William Richardson, the Chairman of the Tenbury, Worcester, and Ludlow Railway Company, who has undergone two examinations at the Mansion House.

The circumstances are of a remarkable description. In the month of July a cheque signed by the Chairman and two of the Directors of the Company, had been presented, and paid at the counter of Coutts's bank. It was subsequently found that, although the signatures were genuine, the amount had undergone a very important change. A most strict investigation was, of course, immediately commenced. The cheque, it appeared, had been drawn as payable to No. 11, and had been signed, first by the Chairman, and soon afterwards by two of the other Directors of the Company, and then returned to the Chairman, to be paid away to some individual who had a claim upon the Company. The agents of the Company communicated with Messrs. Bush and Mullens, the solicitors to the Committee of Bankers for Protection against Forgeries and Frauds, upon the subject, and Mr. Bush adopted measures without delay. The Chairman of the Company was the person upon whom his suspicion at once fixed. The account given by Captain Richardson was, that he had signed a cheque for £10, which was also signed by two other Directors, that he had paid that cheque away to a party, and that he had never seen or heard of it since, until he was informed that the amount had been altered. Mr. Bush managed to find out the person to whom Captain Richardson declared that he had paid the cheque, and by that person was informed that no transaction of the sort had taken place at all between him and the Chairman of the Railway Company. The result of the inquiries made at Coutts's bank and at the Bank of England corresponding with the suspicions thus raised, Mr. Bush put Captain Richardson into the custody of Russell (No. 36), of the City Detective Police, having called together a meeting of the Directors, which the Captain attended, upon the subject of the affairs of the Company.

Upon the first examination Mr. Bush said his object was to produce just as much evidence as would justify the magistrate in remanding the prisoner until the important and complicated evidence in support of the very serious charge he had to make should be prepared. He (Mr. Bush) attended as agent to Messrs. Fry and Co., the agents to the Tenbury, Worcester, and Ludlow Railway Company, and he charged Captain Richardson with having altered the amount of a cheque originally drawn for £10 to £5000, and with having received and applied to his own use part of the proceeds of the cheque so altered. Mr. Bush: I hold the cheque now in my hand. The prisoner stated to me that he filled up and signed a cheque for £10 on the 7th of July, drawn upon Messrs. Coutts and Co., and that he signed the same, and that the same afterwards was returned to him, signed by two other Directors of the Company, namely, Thomas Stevenson and William Letchmere Whitmore, and that the same cheque had afterwards been paid by Messrs. Coutts and Co., being altered to the sum of £5000. I had the copy of the cheque before me at the time, but that was the statement made to me by the prisoner.

Mr. Robert Hare, clerk at Coutts and Co.'s bank, said (examining the cheque): I paid the cheque on the 20th of July, at the counter, to a person whom I do not know. I paid the amount in five notes of £1000 each, namely, one numbered 96,087, dated 13th February, 1846, and four notes of £1000 each, consecutive numbers from 96,091 to 96,094, of the same date as the first. I produce these notes as notes which I paid in giving the amount of the cheque.

Mr. Bush: Have you reason to believe now that cheque is a forgery?—Witness: It bears the proper signatures.

Mr. Bush: Have you heard what induces you to believe that this cheque is forged in part?—Witness: I have.

Evidence was then given by a clerk of the Bank of England that he had changed three one thousand pound notes on the 20th of July to a person who gave him name and address as Mr. Jones, Linen Hall, Dublin. Mr. William Higman, of the Issue Department of the Bank, said: These notes, being sent for gold, were brought to me by the last witness, who said that the gentleman required gold for me. I went to the place at which the gold is paid, and seeing only the address "Dublin," I asked the gentleman, who I have no doubt is the prisoner, what part of Dublin. I think I said Dublin is a large place. What part of Dublin do you reside in? He said "the Linen Hall." I asked him to write it on one of the notes, and I handed him a pen to do so. He appeared very nervous and requested me to do it for him. I wrote on one of the notes "Linen Hall," and asked him his address in London. He said Furnival's Inn Hotel, which I also wrote on the note. As the sum was a large sum for gold, I went to consult Mr. Marshall, the chief cashier. I think I asked him from whom he received the notes; indeed I am certain I asked him, and he said from Coutts and Co. I stated this to Mr. Marshall when I took the notes in, and Mr. Marshall requested me to trace to whom the notes had been first issued. I did so, and found that they had been issued to Coutts and Co. On coming from Mr. Marshall's room, I found the prisoner had left the Bank, and I told Mr. Ager, who reckoned the gold, to fetch him back. It was while I was tracing the notes I found that the prisoner had quitted the hall. Mr. Ager brought him back under pretence of checking the gold.

William Thomas Ager, clerk in the Issue Department of the Bank of England, said: I was present during the whole time, and I have not the slightest doubt that the prisoner is the person. I had to call him back, in order to have the money he had received re-weighed. As there was a large amount of gold, and as some little suspicion was attached, I was sent after him, and I went to the cab which he had waiting for him, and said, "I am sorry, but we must have the money back re-weighed." He said, "Oh, its all right," and he came back, and the gold was re-weighed. At last Mr. Higman told me to let him go.

At this stage, the prisoner was remanded.

On Tuesday last he was again brought up, and the following additional evidence was adduced:—

The first witness was Mr. Robert Hare, clerk in the bank of Messrs. Coutts, who repeated his former evidence as to the payment of the cheque.

Mr. W. Pulsford: I am secretary to the Tenbury, Worcester, and Ludlow Railway Company, and have been so since its formation in 1845. The office is No. 5, New Palace-yard, Westminster. On the 7th of July there was a meeting of the Directors; the prisoner presided as Chairman, and signed the minutes and resolutions. One of the resolutions was that £10 be paid to the manager and foreman, Mr. Howell, for services rendered. I saw the entry made of the cheque for £10 in the cheque-book. Some of the Directors wished to give a sovereign each out of their own pockets to Mr. Howell's messenger, instead of drawing on the funds of the Company; but that was overruled, and a cheque drawn. I afterwards received a cheque from the prisoner for £10; it was dated 7th July, payable to No. 11, on order; at that time it was only signed by Captain Richardson. The cheque now produced is for £5000; it ought to be for £10. At the request of the prisoner, I obtained two signatures of Directors to the cheque for £10. When the cheque was given to me by Captain Richardson there was not a 1 before the 7, as appears now. The handwriting in the body of the cheque does not at all resemble the handwriting of the prisoner. The £10 cheque was sent, with two other cheques for £20 and £100, to Mr. Letchmere Whitmore, enclosed in a letter; and, having been signed by that gentleman, were returned by post to the Company's office, in Palace-yard. I am quite confident that, after the £10 cheque was regularly signed, I gave it to the prisoner; that was on the 16th of July. I have not seen the cheque since. When I gave it to Captain Richardson, it had not been altered in any way. I was present at Mr. Bush's office on Wednesday last, when Captain Richardson said he had delivered the cheque to a person with thin mustachios, sallow complexion, and about the middle stature. I think Captain Richardson said he had never seen the person to whom he gave the cheque, before; but that he called at his (Captain Richardson's) private house. I knew nothing of the cheque after it went out of my hands, until the forgery was found out at the bankers'.

In answer to a question by Mr. Woulfe, Mr. Pulsford said he had never seen the cheque for £5000 until the prisoner was in custody.

Mr. Baines, another solicitor to the Company, said: I was present on Thursday last at Mr. Bush's office; I was there in the capacity of a spectator. I did not attend professionally. I remember a statement made by the prisoner relating to a cheque for Messrs. Coutts for £5000. The prisoner stated that he had seen that cheque before, and referred to a conversation he had with the bankers in relation to it.

Mr. W. M. Conliss examined: I am a partner in Messrs. Coutts's banking-house.

I remember Captain Richardson, Mr. Barnes, and other gentlemen, calling at the bank. I remember the prisoner, in the presence of one of the clerks, applied for leave to take away the paid cheques. I refused the application as irregular; the account had not been signed, and it would be necessary to get the sanction of parties. The prisoner said he had originally drawn the cheque of £5000 for £10, and the signatures were genuine; that the other writing on the cheque was his, except "five thousand," and the figure of 1 before the date. The prisoner said he gave the cheque to a person in the employ of a gentleman in the Stock Exchange.

Cross-examined: I am not aware that the prisoner knew that it is the habit of our house not to give up paid cheques.

Joseph Longland examined: I am a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts. I remember the prisoner coming to the bank, on Tuesday last, in company with three other gentlemen; he asked for the vouchers in the account of Richardson, Stevenson, Whitmore, and others; and wished to have the paid cheques given to him, but that was refused, unless the parties appeared and consented.

The witnesses connected with the Bank of England were next called and reiterated their previous statements, as to the payment of three £1000 bank notes in gold to the prisoner.

Mr. Payne: I am an inspector of notes at the Bank of England; the three notes for £1000 each were brought for my inspection on Monday last. I am quite certain it was the prisoner at the bar who had the notes. I am positive he was the person.

—Early, examined: I am a porter at the Bank of England. About the middle of July I remember the prisoner coming in a cab. I put some gold into it for him; he afterwards got in, but was requested to go back, as it was necessary to re-weigh the money. The cab was at the door about 20 minutes. The cabman said he took the prisoner up at Furnival's Inn.

Leonard Dean: I am a porter at the Bank. I carried the gold to the cab for the prisoner at the bar. I heard the prisoner tell the cabman to drive him to Furnival's Inn.

James Dyne, cab-driver, examined: On the 20th of July, I was hired by a gentleman very much like the prisoner, to drive him to the Bank, which I did, and assisted to put the money into the cab. I was about to drive off, when I was told to stop, and the money was taken back. In about ten minutes afterwards, however, the bags were replaced in the cab, and the gentleman told me to drive him to Furnival's Inn. As I was about to drive into the arch, the gentleman told me to go on to Russell-square. On arriving there he told me to drive on to Montague-place, which I did, when the prisoner stopped at a house on the right-hand side. I do not know the number. I lifted the bags out of the cab for him, and placed them in the passage of the house. The gentleman paid me 4s. for the fare. I am not positive that the prisoner is the gentleman.

Mr. Howell, examined: I reside at Kensington. I have been largely connected with railway companies. I have known the prisoner ever since his being Chairman of the Tenbury, Worcester, and Ludlow Railway Company. I never applied to, or received from him, a cheque for £10 on behalf of the company.

Mr. James Davis, another Director of the Company: I was present at a meeting of the Directors on the 21st of May, when a resolution was agreed to, which rendered it necessary for the prisoner to sign all cheques along with two of the Directors. The Chairman took the chair on that occasion. I was present at a board of Directors held on Tuesday last, the 25th August, in Palace-yard. I was there before the prisoner took the chair. The secretary produced the banking-book of the company with Messrs. Coutts. The book was handed to Mr. Richardson; there was an entry of £5000 on the debit side, when the prisoner was asked "Do you know anything of this?" He replied that he did not; and added, "I think the first thing to be done is to see our bankers, but, perhaps, we had better wait until Mr. Fry, our solicitor, arrives." It was at that meeting that the cheque for £10 was found to have been altered into £5000; it was then agreed to adjourn the meeting to the office of Messrs. Fry, the solicitors. The prisoner did not object to such a course.

George Russell (policeman 34).—I apprehended the prisoner at the office of Messrs. Mullen and Bush, in St. Mildred's-court. On Saturday last, he was given into my custody by Mr. Fry on a charge of forging a cheque for £5000. In the Mansion House, last Saturday, the prisoner said to me, "Let the Bank clerks swear what they will, what does it matter to me, it was my own money." I did not ask him to make any statement; he did it of his own free will. Prisoner told me this morning that his solicitor said there was no case against him.

Daniel Douglass examined:—I went to No. 6, Charlotte-street, Russell-square, on Saturday last, in company with one of Messrs. Bush and Mullen's clerks. We proceeded to search the house; in one room we found a number of papers; one bag contained 100, another bag contained 60 sovereigns, and six £10 notes, which were packed up and sent away. I remained at the prisoner's house till about six o'clock; when Mr. Mullen came, we could not find a key to open one of the cupboards, so we forced the lock.

Mr. Mullen examined:—I was present at a second search of the prisoner's house on Saturday night. In the cupboard, which was broken open, I found the cash-box now produced. None of the keys taken from the prisoner would fit it. The prisoner afterwards, however, gave up a key, observing that nothing would be found in the cash-box; but, upon opening it, there were some packages, containing fifty sovereigns each.

Mr. Bush deposed to being present when a pocket-book was found, containing four £50, one £10, and three £5 notes; and in another book was found two other £50 notes. The numbers of all the notes were taken down. The total amount of bank notes and bank post bills amounted to £3225, and he should be able to prove that other notes to the amount of £800 had been exchanged for gold by the prisoner at the Bank of England, and another sum to an equal amount from a country bank.

Mr. Woulfe said, he did not intend, on the present occasion, to make any statement on the part of the prisoner; he should only ask that he should be at liberty to have access to all papers necessary for his defence, which was ordered.

After a short discussion, the prisoner was remanded until the 9th of September.

THE ATTACK UPON THE WORKMEN AT THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY STATION.—On Tuesday, the Irish labourers, charged with the brutal attack upon the English workmen at the Camden Town Station of the London and North-Western Railway Company, were re-examined at MARYLEBONE Office. They made no defence; and the whole of the prisoners (eighteen) were committed for trial, not merely for an "assault" but for "feloniously wounding, with intent to do some grievous bodily harm." They were conveyed to Newgate.

MUSEUM OF ECONOMIC GEOLOGY.—The new building for the museum, the site for which is in Jernyn-street, Piccadilly, is to be commenced forthwith. The deposits at the present building, at Craig's-court, have, some time past, outgrown the means for their accommodation.

VISCOUNT HARDINGE.—As it has been mentioned by some of our contemporaries, that Lord Hardinge wishes to quit the Government and return home, we have much pleasure in communicating to our readers his own words upon that point, as written to a relation, from Simla, 19th of June, 1846:—"Yesterday was the 31st anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. How impetuously time flies! The reminiscences of bygone days flash across my mind, when I used to receive from you and my cousin many acts of friendship. It makes me feel that I am getting very old, and from the incessant work I have to encounter here I shall be glad when I can retire with honour; but you are all so generous in your distinctions and rewards, that I must not abandon my post whilst my duty is unperformed."

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S EXPLANATION OF HIS POLICY.—The inhabitants of the town of Ebling, in Prussia, having some time since addressed a letter of congratulation to Sir Robert Peel, on the successful termination of the efforts of the late Premier for the establishment of Free Trade, have recently, as we learn from the Berlin journals, received a memorial, in which the following passages occur, explanatory of Sir Robert Peel's views on various points of policy. The memorial is dated Aug. 6, and says, "Your address, in which you express your approbation of the great measures of financial and commercial reform which I have considered it my duty to lay before Parliament, I have received with very great pleasure. The object of the Income-tax was not only to make good a deficit, but also to lay the foundation of a more just system of taxation, by putting an end to duties before levied on raw materials, as well as those vexatious regulations of the excise, and the duties on many kinds of produce necessary to the comfort of the working classes." After passing a remark upon the currency question, the memorial proceeds to say:—"That part of your address wherein you admit the principle of commercial legislation, which, by order of Parliament, is now in force, has afforded me, above all things, the most lively satisfaction. The measures proposed for the diminution of Custom-house duties have been brought forward without any similar concessions having been offered by foreign countries; they have been proposed because the general interest of the country demanded it. Their effects are sufficiently advantageous to fully justify the steps we have taken, for it is contrary to the spirit of political economy to purchase at a dear rate articles of inferior value; and the authors of this measure have thought, without entering into negotiations and minute details, that the principles of their commercial legislation would be adopted by other nations." The memorial concludes with a denunciation of the Protective system:—"The social condition of that country which maintains with the greatest rigour the Protective system will be opposed to the state of another which has adopted liberal principles, and the conviction of the value of such principles will not obtain, unless by the encouragement of the freedom of exchange amongst all the nations of the world: the well-being of each individual will be increased, and the will of Providence will be fulfilled—that Providence which has given to every country a sun, a climate, and a soil; each differing one from the other, not for the purpose of rendering them severally independent of each other; but, on the contrary, in order that they may feel their reciprocal dependence, by the exchange of their respective produce, thus causing them to enjoy in common the blessings of Providence. It is thus that we find in commerce the means of advancing civilisation, of appeasing jealousy and national prejudice, and of bringing about a universal peace, either from national interest, or from Christian duty."

THE LATE SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.—Sir Charles Wetherell died intestate. The personal fund property is estimated at upwards of £200,000, principally invested in Venezuelan, Chili, and other foreign stock; and, there being no surviving children, one-half of the amount will be Lady Wetherell's share. The remainder will be equally divided among the brothers and sisters of the deceased. The landed and other property is valuable, and goes to the heirs-at-law before mentioned. For many years Sir Charles took a warm interest in agricultural matters; but, on the passing of the Corn-Law Repeal Bill, he expressed considerable fear as to its probable effects on the landed interests, and determined upon selling the farms which he possessed; but his fears after a short time subsided, and he resolved not only on maintaining them, but on purchasing others, and it was while in the act of carrying out such intention, that he met with the accident which in such a short time afterwards terminated so fatally.

COUNTRY NEWS.

DERBY ELECTION.

The nomination for Derby took place on Wednesday morning. Mr. Strutt, who vacated the seat in consequence of his acceptance of the office of Commissioner of the new Railway Board, was again a candidate. Mr. J. B. Compton proposed the re-election of that gentleman. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Fox. W. L. Newton, Esq., then nominated Sir Digby Mackworth, and Mr. Josiah Lewis seconded the nomination.

Both candidates having addressed the electors, the Mayor took a show of hands. A large number were held up for Sir Digby Mackworth, but the preponderance was greatly in favour of Mr. Strutt, and the announcement of the Mayor to that effect was received with several rounds of enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. Lewis, on behalf of Sir Digby Mackworth, demanded a poll, which took place on Thursday morning. At the close, at four o'clock, the numbers were—

Strutt	848
Mackworth	564

Majority for Strutt 284

THE CORDEN NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL FUND.—On Tuesday evening the weekly meeting of the Manchester Committee for the Promotion of the Corden National Testimonial Fund was held in that town. Mr. George Wilson presided. The Chairman reported an increase in the general subscription, since the last meeting, of £2000, and upwards. In this sum was included a sum of £630 from the Messrs. Darby, of Coalbrookdale. The report from Glasgow was that £400 additional had been collected during the past week, making the total subscribed in that city £3400. The total subscription had reached about £71,000. A letter was read from Mr. Alderman Kay, requesting his name to be added to the subscription-list for £20. Mr. Nodal reported that the sum received since the last meeting, from small subscriptions in Manchester, was £106 6s. 10d., making a total of £203 11s. 7d. The amount promised within the last week was £39, making the total amount promised, £66 8s. 6d., and the whole amount of small subscriptions, £270. It was stated that the fund was progressing satisfactorily throughout the kingdom.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The arrangements for the ensuing meeting, which commences on Thursday next, are nearly complete, and promise an occasion of much interest to the members and visitors which it will draw together. For this, however, they are chiefly indebted to the Directors of the South Western Railway Company, who have not only placed all their available rooms at the service of the Association, for its meeting, &c., but subscribed £100 towards the reception fund, being nearly one half of what has been subscribed for this purpose. The reception room will be at the terminus of the railway, and the meetings will be held as follows:—Section A, Mathematics and Physics, under the presidency of Sir John Herschel; and D, Zoology and Botany, with Dr. Richardson, the celebrated Polar traveller, at its head, at the Natural History Society's Rooms; sections E, for Physiology, and F, for Statistics, under the respective presidencies of Professor Owen and Mr. G. R. Porter, will occupy the Bugle Hall of the Railway; Section G, for Geology, under Mr. Leonard Horner, F.R.S., will hold its sittings at the Upper Archery Rooms; Section B, for Chemistry, under Doctor Faraday, at the Polytechnic Institution; and Section C, for Mechanics, with Professor Willis at its head, and the sub-section of Ethnology, at a large house recently occupied as a club-house. The Local Committee have been very successful in making arrangements with lodging-housekeepers, to prevent exorbitant charges during the week. The South Western Steam Navigation Company have liberally placed at the disposal of the Council one of their steam vessels, for the purpose of conveying the members on a marine geological excursion to the Isle of Wight; and the Ordnance authorities have granted to the members a free access to all the stores, &c., at Portsmouth and Gosport. No arrangements have as yet been made for the evening meetings, with the exception of those of the first and last days, when the general meetings of the Association will take place. Among other distinguished savans whose presence have been announced, are, M. Elie de Beaumont, the President of the Institute of Paris; M. Oersted, the discoverer of electro-magnetism; M. Struve, the Astronomer Royal of St. Petersburg, sent over to this country on a special mission for scientific investigation by the Emperor of Russia; M. Matteucci, the eminent physiologist from Modena; M. Dumas, the eminent French chemist, &c.

CONSECRATION OF A CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CHADDLE.—The consecration of St. Giles's Catholic Church at Chaddle, Staffordshire, took place on Monday. This building has occupied nearly six years in its erection. The service was strictly private on Monday, but on Tuesday the grand opening took place with great pomp and solemnity. The church has been erected at the sole cost of the Earl of Shrewsbury, from the designs of Mr. A. W. Pugin. It consists of a western tower, surmounted by a lofty spire, richly adorned with statues, crockets, and pinnacles; a nave of five compartments, with north and south aisles and porches; a "Lady Chapel," a "Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament," and a chancel, with sacristies and organ loft on the north. The style is that which prevailed during the reigns of the Edwards, commonly called the decorated.

SIX HORSES CONSUMED AT CHARD.—A serious fire occurred at Chard, Somersetshire, on Sunday last, which destroyed the King's Head Inn and six adjoining houses occupied by tradespeople. It broke out in a range of stabling in the main street, fronting the church, and extended rapidly to the King's Head Inn and the other buildings, all of which within an hour after the commencement were totally destroyed. The amount of property consumed is reported to be little short of £1,000.

IRELAND.

ADDRESS TO THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT.—On Monday an appropriate Address was presented by the Corporation to the Earl of Besborough, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in which gratification was particularly expressed that her Majesty should have appointed a resident proprietor. His Excellency, in his answer to the Address, said:—"In accepting the important office to which her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint me, I am conscious of the deep responsibility of the duty which I have undertaken. I rely, however, with confidence on the support that I shall receive from my fellow-countrymen, who, in different parts of this kingdom, have so kindly come forward to express their approval of the appointment that her Majesty has been pleased to make of a resident proprietor as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The interest I have always felt in the prosperity of this country makes the appointment most gratifying, as it gives me the opportunity of more immediately directing my attention to those measures of internal improvement which must tend to the tranquillity and welfare of the kingdom. I deeply regret the distress that prevails in many parts of the country from the failure of the potato crop, and you may rely on my immediately carrying into effect those measures which the Legislature have adopted for relieving the poorer classes under this heavy dispensation of Providence."

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—The proceedings at the Repeal Association on Monday were rather flat, and unprofitable also to the Repealers. Mr. O'Connell repeated all his conciliatory expressions towards Mr. Smith O'Brien, and proceeded to argue that the "Young Ireland" party were all guilty of treason, by referring to the publications in the *Nation* newspaper; he referred to "Blackstone's Commentaries" in proof of his definition of the law, and went on to say, that, as counsel for Ireland, he could not permit a few young men to make the entire Association liable to death upon the scaffold. (Cheers.) At four o'clock, Mr. John O'Connell announced the week's rent to be £104 1s. 6d.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN ON PHYSICAL FORCE.—Two Addresses have been presented to Mr. Smith O'Brien, at his house at Cahernoy, one from Rathkeale, and the other from Newcastle. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested on the occasion. The assembly numbered from 7000 to 8000, among whom were several parties of ladies. In answer to those addresses, Mr. Smith O'Brien, in returning thanks, entered into a long explanation of his quarrel with the Repeal Association, and referred to his imprisonment. Mr. Smith O'Brien, in conclusion, gave his opinion of the course which ought to be adopted by the Repealers, and also in regard to physical force. The hon. gentleman said—"I have always endeavoured to impress on the people, whenever I have addressed them, that an appeal to arms would be disastrous to Repeal; and, perhaps, throw it back for half a century. (Hear, hear.) But, at the same time, I will say that if the whole of the people of Ireland are unanimous in their demand for the Repeal of the Union; and if England, in reply to that demand, should proceed to extremities, and endeavour, by force, to put down the expression of public opinion—I say, in that case, resistance would be not only lawful but necessary. (Loud cheers.) I told Mr. Macaulay, when he talked to me of resorting to arms to put down the expression of public opinion in Ireland—I said I could tell him that the Irish people had arms too. (Tremendous cheering, and cries of 'Ay, and we could use them.')

THE TOTAL FAILURE OF THE POTATO CROP IN IRELAND.—The *Times* says:—"The accounts we continue daily to receive from all parts of Ireland leave no room to doubt the failure of the potato crop. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Limerick to Dublin, not a green field is to be seen. The disease having attacked the plant at a much earlier period this year than it did in 1845, the root has been arrested in its growth, and prevented from arriving at maturity. Thus, what was last year but a partial destruction is now a total annihilation; and it is become a very general belief that the month of December will not find a single potato in the country. Ireland is, therefore, doomed to suffer a recurrence (if it should not rather be called a continuance) of that distress which has well nigh impoverished the whole population."

VISIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON TO PLYMOUTH.—His Grace the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and the Marquis of Anglesey, as Master-General of the Ordnance, have been to Plymouth, on an official visit to the garrison to inspect the port defences. The Duke arrived at Plymouth on Friday (last week), and the Marquis arrived in his yacht, *The Pearl*. His Grace posted from Exeter; and, on his arrival at Ivybridge, finding that it would take half-an-hour to get horses ready to continue his journey, determined to walk on. The crack coach, the "Tally-ho," in the meantime passed the village, and Harcourt, the coachman, having obtained information of the Duke's having set out towards Plymouth on foot, hastened to overtake him; and, having come up with his Grace, invited him to ride. The Duke, however, declined, saying, "God bless you! Good bye. I'd rather walk; besides, I have company," which consisted of a farmer and two "navies," with whom his Grace was keeping up a busy conversation, his humble companions, of course, ignorant of his exalted rank. His Grace has not visited Devonport since 1822, when he at once put a stop to the useless and expensive construction of the lines around that town. On Sunday morning his Grace left Plymouth for Teignmouth, whence he came by the South Devon Railway to Exeter, reaching the station about 12 o'clock. There being no other ordinary train until the mail train in the evening, a special train was dispatched for his Grace's accommodation, and he reached London shortly after five o'clock that evening.

CHURCH, UNIVERSITIES, &c.

OXFORD.

The following members of the University have been ordained by the Bishop of Norwich:—

Deacons.—W. L. Pope, Pembroke College; J. G. Hawkins, Pembroke College; H. T. Glynn, New Inn Hall.

Priests.—Rev. B. E. Watkins, Wadham College; Rev. C. H. Angell, Queen's College; Rev. J. E. Gladstone, Magdalen Hall; Rev. J. L. Johnson, St. Edmund Hall.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

A FIGHT ON A RAILWAY.—On Saturday evening, when the 6h. 30m. A.M. mixed train from Bristol was between Stevenston and Didcot Stations, on the Great Western Railway, a quarrel arose between the engine-driver (Temple), and Poole, the stoker. A fight ensued on the engine, and, if both had fallen off, the consequences must have been dreadful, as the train was going at the rate of nearly thirty miles an hour, and there was no possibility of the guards getting to the engine to stop it, the high third-class carriages being between them, nor were they aware of the fight until Temple, finding himself worsted, stopped the engine, to endeavour to throw Poole off, when the guards alighted, and succeeded in obtaining a cessation of hostilities, until their arrival at Didcot, when they were reported to Mr. Bishop, the superintendent, who gave them into custody of the guards of the fast train, and conveyed them to Paddington. Their places were supplied by others at Didcot, and the train reached Paddington in safety. On Tuesday, Temple, the engine-driver, and Poole, the stoker, were taken before Mr. Gooch, the superintendent of locomotives, when, it having been ascertained that Poole was the aggressor, he was immediately discharged. Temple was fined a sovereign.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE GRAVESEND AND ROCHESTER RAILWAY.—On Friday afternoon (last week) William Woodford, a plate-layer, employed on this line of railway, lost his life by the half-past three o'clock up-train passing over him, the injuries being such as to cause instant death. The deceased, with others, was employed in the tunnel for the purpose of examining the rails, and remedying any defect that may arise, every time the trains pass. James Brencley was employed with the deceased at the time, and had just left him to procure a fresh candle, the one they were using being nearly burnt out, and on his return he found his companion a mangled corpse. Previous to leaving him, they had heard the whistle, and as the train passed Brencley, he had posted himself in a place of safety, which deceased also might have done, as there was sufficient notice. An inquest was held on Saturday afternoon, and the jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased was killed by being accidentally run over by the train, the negligence or mismanagement of the superintendent, or any other person connected with the management of the line, but solely by accident."

THE CONVICT SMITH.—The wretched convict, John Smith, has been visited by Mr. Alderman Sidney, and other civic functionaries, who are adopting strenuous measures to obtain a commutation of his sentence. The culprit is represented as being perfectly reconciled to his impending fate. Some members of his family, including his wife, have been permitted to see him. The convict perseveres in his statement, that he was goaded to commit the fearful crime by the deceased. Petitions in favour of a mitigation of punishment have been numerous signed, and the most sanguine expectations are entertained that the wretched man's life will be spared, although no hope is held out to him. It is stated that the Premier, as one of the representatives of the City of London, and the other members, will be solicited to add the weight of their influence to the evidence to obtain a commutation of the sentence. The Sheriff has fixed the execution for the 21st inst., thus affording the friends of the convict the longest possible period allowed by law, to exert themselves in his favour. The Jurymen who pronounced the verdict of Guilty have signed a short memorial, again pressing their recommendations to mercy. A deputation offered one of the petitions for signature to Mr. Alderman Wilson, the sitting Magistrate at Guildhall. The Alderman, after reading it, affixed his name. The Lord Mayor has also intimated his willingness to sign it.

SHOCKING SCISCIDE.—On Tuesday morning Mrs. Charlotte Glanby, a widow, about fifty years of age, who carried on the business of a dressmaker, at No. 14, Queen-street, Finsbury-market, destroyed herself under very shocking circumstances. From the statement of a young woman named Sarah Bennet, who was in her service, it appears that, during the morning, there had been nothing unusual in her manner, but, shortly after eleven o'clock, she went up stairs, saying that she was going up to her mother, a very aged woman, who lay bedridden in an upper apartment, and she had no sooner entered the room, than she opened the window, and threw herself out, and the noise of the fall being heard, her mangled remains were found lying in the yard. An alarm being given, Policeman Smith, 171 G, was called in, and Mr. Davis, a surgeon, living nearly opposite, was in immediate attendance, but death must have been nearly instantaneous. The deceased had fallen direct upon her head, which was literally dashed to pieces, the brains being scattered upon a wall more than a yard distant from the spot where she fell, and amongst them Mr. Davis, the surgeon, found one of the eyes.

SCISCIDE OF A COLONEL IN THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.—Last Saturday morning, Colonel Charles Walter Thornton, of the East India Company's Service, committed suicide in the station-house of the Marylebone district. It appears that he had been given in charge for having offered at the shop of Mr. Bennett, watchmaker, of Oxford-street, a £5 note, supposed to be a forged one. Inquiries were at the same time made, and Mrs. Harding, jeweller, of Holles-street, Cavendish-square, and Mr. Bishop, boot-maker, of Connaught-terrace, identified the prisoner as having passed £10 and £5 forged notes upon them. Two other similar charges were established, and these were found to form portions of an extensive system of fraud which has been for some time in practice. On the prisoner being searched at the time he was taken into custody, a forged £5 note and two genuine £5 Bank of England notes were found upon him, and £9 in gold. At his lodgings a quantity of valuable jewellery was discovered. Shortly before one in the morning, on a police-constable entering the cell, he was found quite dead, having strangled himself with his pocket-handkerchief. The deceased was about forty years of age, and had at one time held a commission in the East India army. At the inquest, the above facts were reiterated.—Mrs. Mary Thornton, the widow of the deceased, was examined. The unfortunate lady was deeply affected. She said she had been married to the deceased six years, and resided at 3, Hartland-terrace, Kentish Town. Deceased was a Colonel in the East India Company's service, but had only recently returned from Egypt, where she had been with him. She knew nothing of his affairs, but always understood that he was a gentleman of independent property. He was at home all day on Friday up to five o'clock, when he went out, saying he should go to billiards. He was then in excellent health and spirits. He had never complained of pain in the head, or threatened or attempted to destroy himself. He was a very temperate man. He had no relatives living. They had all died in India. She could not account for his possession of the forged notes.—The Jury returned a verdict, "That the deceased hung himself; but, in what state of mind he was at the time, there was no evidence to show."

THE BANK ROBBERY AT BERWICK.—The authorities of Berwick have completed their investigation into this extraordinary case, and have determined upon committing Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the manager, for trial at the next Northumberland assizes. A very strong feeling of sympathy is manifested in her behalf by the inhabitants of Berwick, more especially in the more respectable circles, with whom she and her husband have very extensively mixed. Few of the circumstances connected with the case have been allowed to transpire beyond those already published, the magisterial inquiry having been conducted with closed doors. It is understood, however, that various points have been discovered, which, though trivial in themselves, are important when considered in connection with other facts. For instance, black thread exactly corresponding in colour and quality with that with which the bedding had been re-washed after the money had been secreted, has been found in Mrs. Thompson's workbox; and it also appears that on the night of the robbery she deposited the keys of the bank in a box, or safe, in her bedroom, and placed the small key in her pocket. The female servant, who slept in the same room, and who at first professed ignorance on the subject, now positively states that her mistress was absent during the night, for about an hour, and on returning washed her hands. Mr. Burdiss, one of the Directors of the Bank, has been engaged in an examination of letters found in Mrs. Thompson's possession, and one expression used by her husband, in a letter written some time ago, has been much dwelt upon: it is, "Burn my letters, or they will tell tales." As soon as the unfortunate woman can be removed, she will be sent to Morpeth gaol.

LAMENTABLE DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—On Wednesday an inquest was held by Mr. William Carter, at the Huntsman and Hounds, Park-place, Walworth, on Francis Mowley, aged 37 years, a costermonger, lately living in Park-row, East-lane. The body gave unmistakable testimony of extreme destitution. His wife deposed that in consequence of ill health and the want of employment, they had suffered great privation, being often in the want of the common necessities of life. The witness was hardly able to stand, which she assured the Coroner and jury arose from the want of proper nourishment. (She was allowed to sit, and received a glass of wine.) That the only means they had of living were by selling and pawning their goods, &c. They had not tasted any meat for three weeks, and the only food they had was a little bread and tea daily, for witness, the deceased, and three children. On Monday morning last the deceased went out in search of work, and returned about 11 o'clock, very exhausted and weak, and after a short time he was seized with a fit. Witness became alarmed, and called in a neighbour, who raised the deceased from the ground, but he was quite insensible. A surgeon was sent for, but life was quite extinct. A juror—Why is it you did not make an application to the parochial officers? Witness—(crying bitterly)—Because my husband would rather put up with anything than do so.—Brooks, the relieving officer, said he had known the deceased for some years, and was a very sober steady man, but latterly he had been much reduced.—Verdict "Death from natural causes."

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.—A distressing accident occurred on Thursday morning at the Reigate station of the South Eastern Railway, which resulted in the death of a young man named Frederick Eildon, a guard in the service of the company. Eildon was the guard of the up mail train, arriving in London at 4.30 A.M. On nearing the Reigate station the unfortunate man, having applied the break, was about descending from his seat on the roof of the carriage, when his leg struck against the dwarf wall running between the "up" and "down" lines, which had the effect of fracturing his thigh and throwing him under the wheels of the carriage on which he was riding. The skid having been applied the wheels did not pass over the poor fellow's body, but before the train was stopped both his legs were completely crushed and one of his feet torn off. In this state he was conveyed to Guy's Hospital, where he lingered in a state of excruciating suffering, retaining his senses to the last, up to one o'clock, at which hour he expired. The unfortunate man has left a widow and one child.

OUR MAGAZINE COLUMN FOR SEPTEMBER.

HINTS TO DINNER-GIVERS.

How many do we see who sacrifice all their domestic comfort, and eventually their prospects, in the foolish pursuit of society, believing most fondly that they are making hosts of friends, and that all the shaking of hands and after-dinner speeches are beautiful and affecting traits of friendship, and that the crowds who come and eat their dinners, and dance their wax-lights to a snuff, are their staunch friends? No such thing; friendship is not made by music; dining opens the mouth, not the heart; after-dinner affection is only a voice from the cellar; the people who swear eternal friendship over the dinner-table, must not be called upon the next day to fulfil their promises. As long as people give good dinners and grand soirées, so long will they find a host of diners and dancers, who will have a great esteem for their feeding and their music; but, as to any personal esteem, they have no more than the pastry-cook who brings the supper, or the man who plays on the cornopean. "I weeded my friends," said an old eccentric friend, "by hanging a piece of stair carpet out of my first-floor window, with a broker's announcement affixed. 'Gad! it had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun near a pigeon-house; they all forsook the building at the first report, and I have not had occasion to use the extra flaps of my dining-table since.'"—Alfred Crowquill, in *Bentley's Miscellany*.

THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

If ever Mr. Macaulay's half-prophecy should come to pass, if ever the time should really arrive when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's,—then, when the learned men of Oceania are poring over the fossils of our civilisation, and the fashionable novelists of Auckland are summing up before the astonished eyes of their contemporaries the departed glories of Regent-street and Westminster Hall,—then, to such enquirers, and to such writers, few of the productions of our present literature will be more welcome, more fitted to afford a true, a vivid, a profound insight into the social system of England in the nineteenth century, than the works of Mr. Warren.—*Dolman's Magazine*.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The character of William has been a good deal blackened, but scarcely more than it deserves, for there is no doubt that he was cruel, selfish, and unprincipled. It is, however, a curious fact, that what receives blackening from one age gets polished by the next; and this may account for the brilliance that has been shed in this country over the name of one who introduced the feudal system, the Game Laws, and other evils, the escape from which has been the work of many centuries. Though a natural son he was an unnatural father, and the result was, that being an indifferent parent, his children became also indifferent. He had a violent temper, and was such a brutal glutton that he aimed a blow at Fitz Osborn, his steward, for sending to table an under-done crane, when Odo interfered to check his master's violence. Of his personal appearance we have an authentic record in a statue placed against one of the pillars of the church of St. Stephen, at Caen; but as the figure is without a head, we have tried in vain to form from it some idea of the Conqueror's countenance. From the absence of the face in the statue, we can only infer that William wore an expression of vacancy.—*Comic History of England*.

M. ARAGO.

Of all scientific men now living, there is none whose fame is so universally diffused, and whose authority is so often invoked as M. Arago. The squatter on the banks of the Mississippi is as familiar with his name as the dweller of the Quai Voltaire. His dicta are as often quoted in the Delta of the Ganges, as in the city washed by the Thames; and this reputation is not among the followers of science, or even its votaries; it is strictly popular. All who look forward to a coming eclipse, or an approaching comet—all who endeavour to prognosticate the vicissitudes of weather, and look for the lunar phases—all who are exposed to the visitations of the hurricane, or endeavour to avert the falling thunderbolt—all appeal to the name of Arago: rightly or wrongly, they quote his supposed or imputed predictions, and profess to pin their faith on his oracular voice. In short, there is no savant living whose name is at once so universally known, and whose authority is so universally popular as M. Arago.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

A "GREEN SPOT" AT FRAGUE.

Reader, should you ever visit Prague, forget not to go to the Sophien Insel; there, twice or thrice in a week, plays the Palombini band. This little island has really a magical appearance on a fine autumn evening, when, at the cool hours, numbers of well-dressed, cheerful people sit in the open air, under the little grove of pollard chestnuts, and regale themselves and their friends with ices, coffee, chocolate, &c.; the most substantial suppers may also be had. As the evening draws in, lamps and chandeliers, suspended from the trees, add a beauty to the scene, and it assumes the most friendly and social aspect. Should you prefer it, you can saunter round the little island, adorned with well-kept paths and beds of flowers; or, on the edge of it, close to the water, guarded by a row of trees, growing on the brink, you may choose a resting-place. Through the stems and branches, some of them dipping into the water, brightly gleams the Moldau, quivering in the sun's declining rays, and the eye then, finding an opening, may look out afar, and watch the changing hues and softening blue of land and water in the distance, while the heart muses on futurity. Meanwhile are heard, played with the greatest precision and beauty, the finest overtures and sparkling polkas—these last not the dull imitation fashion has lately produced, but the true children of the soil, combining so strangely sadness and mirth.—*Schnauz und Heiterkeit*—that one knows not which predominates.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH VILLAGE.

If we still go into really old-fashioned districts—into those which the modern changes have not yet reached, where there are no manufacturers—into the obscure and totally agricultural nooks—we see evidences of a most ancient order of things. The cottages, the farm-houses, the very halls are old; the trees are old; the hedges are old; everything is old. There is nothing that indicates change or progress. There is nothing, even in furniture, that may not have been there at least five hundred years; there is much that induces you to believe that eight hundred years ago it existed. In common labourers' cottages, before the late rage for old English furniture, which led the London brokers to scour the whole empire, penetrate into every nook, and bring up all the old cabinets, hall tables, old carved chairs, carved presses and wardrobes, and retail them for five hundred per cent., besides importing great quantities of similar articles from Holland, Belgium, and Germany, I have myself seen old, heavy, ample arm-chairs, with pointed backs, in which one might imagine an Alfred or an Edward the Confessor sitting, with the date in great letters on their backs, of 1300 or 1400. There are plenty of houses so ancient, that in the roofs and woodwork, the ends of the great wooden pegs with which their framing is pinned together, are not cut off. But without, how old is everything! The trees are dead at top, and hollow at heart; there are ancient elms and oaks standing, whose shadow is said to have covered their acre of ground, but which have now neither head nor heart; huge hollow shells, so capacious, that whole troops of children play in them, and call them their churches; and whole flocks of sheep or herds of cattle seek shelter from the summer sun in them. These old villages, too, are lost, as it were, in a wilderness of ancient orchards, where the trees produce apples and pears totally unlike any now grown in modern plantings. The villages are surrounded by a maze of little crofts, whose hedges have evidently never been set out in any general inclosure, for they do not run in regular squares and straight lines, but form all imaginable figures, and, with the true line of beauty, go waving and sweeping about in all directions. They are manifestly the effect of gradual and fitful inclosure from the forest in far-off times, many of them long before the Conquest, when this dense thicket and that group of trees were run up to and included as part of the fencing. These old hedges have often a monstrous width, occupying nearly as much in their aggregate amount as the aggregate amount of the inclosed land itself. They are often complete wildernesses of stony mounds, bushes, and rank vegetation. The Hawthorns of which they are composed are no longer bushes, but old and wide-spreading trees, with great gaps and spaces often between them, having ceased to be actual fences between the old pastures, and become only most picturesque shades for the cattle. In the old crofts still flourish the native daffodils, and the snow-white and pink primroses, now extirpated by the gathering for gardens everywhere else.—William Howitt, in *Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*.

THE DUDDESTONES.

Prince George of Denmark, in passing through Bristol, went to the Exchange, accompanied by one of his attendants, and remained there until the merchants had pretty generally withdrawn, none of whom had sufficient resolution to address his Highness. At last, one Duddestone, a bodice-maker, mustered courage, and inquired of the Prince if he were not the husband of Queen Anne. Having received an affirmative reply, Duddestone, expressed the deep concern he felt that none of the merchants had invited his Highness home, assured him that the neglect arose from no disrespect to the Queen, but from a diffidence of their means of entertainment, and finished by entreating the Prince and the gentleman who was with him, to accompany him to his house, "where," added Duddestone, "a good piece of beef and a plum-pudding, with ale of my dame's own brewing, and a welcome of loyalty and respect, await your presence." Prince George was much amused with the bodice-maker's request, and although he had ordered dinner at the White Hart, cheerfully accepted the invitation. Duddestone, on arriving at home, called his wife, who was up stairs, desiring her to put on a clean apron, and come down, for the Queen's husband and another gentleman were come to dine with them. In the course of the repast, the Prince requested the bodice-maker to return the visit at the Palace, and to bring his wife with him, giving him a card to facilitate his introduction at Court. A few months after, Duddestone, with his wife behind him on horseback, set out for London, where they soon found the Prince, and were introduced to the Queen. Her Majesty received them most graciously, and invited them to an approaching dinner, telling them that they must have new clothes for the occasion. Duddestone and his worthy dame were consequently prepared, and the most loyal persons in Bristol, and the only ones in that city who had invited the Prince, her husband, to their house. After the entertainment was over, the Queen desired Duddestone to kneel, laid a sword on his head, and to use Lady Duddestone's own words, said to him, "Ston up, Sir Jan." He was then offered money, or a place under Government; but he would not accept either, informing the Queen that he had Court must be very expensive. The Queen made Lady Duddestone a present of her gold watch from her side, which her ladyship considered so great an ornament, that she never went to market without having it suspended over her blue apron. Sir John Duddestone, rising still higher in Royal favour, was created a Baronet, 11th January, 1691, but the sun of his prosperity soon set. In the great storm of 1704, he lost more than £20,000, and was sadly reduced, so much so, indeed, that his grandson and heir, Sir John Duddestone, the second Baronet, held an humble appointment in the Customs at Bristol, and was living in the year 1727, in a very low condition.—*The Patriarch*.



STATE CARRIAGE OF KING LOUIS PHILIPPE SENT TO CONVEY TO THE TUILERIES, THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, THE NEWLY APPOINTED AMBASSADOR.

RECEPTION OF THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY BY THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

We stated last week that the Marquis of Normanby, the new Ambassador to Paris, had been received by Louis Philippe to present his credentials. The noble Marquis, accompanied by the leading members of the Embassy, was received by the King at a special audience, in order to present the letters which accredit him as Ambassador at the Court of France. We hear that his Majesty received the noble Marquis with much courtesy and warmth of feeling.

His Majesty sent one of his carriages to the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré for his Excellency, and the noble Marquis was conveyed back in the Royal carriage to the Embassy. The Marquis of Normanby has since been invited to a *souper* given by the King, at which several other foreign Ministers and persons of distinction were present.

RURAL FETE AT OSBORNE.

(From our Correspondent.)

On Saturday last, his Royal Highness Prince Albert's Birth-day was celebrated on the Royal Estate at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, by the whole of the workmen and labourers in her Majesty's employ, in the true spirit of old English hospitality; when about three hundred persons sat down to a bountiful spread of beef, mutton, vegetables, and bread, from the Royal kitchen; and a plentiful supply of beer, pipes, and tobacco, at the conclusion of the repast.

This Festival, such as the Island had never been witness to before, took place on the lawn near the north-eastern side of the new wing, or rather between the new building and the porter's lodge. Here was erected a capacious, covered shed or tent, beneath which was a double table to receive the "Queen's bounty." Over the tent, mingled with the breeze, were various national flags.

The party having been seated, her Majesty, accompanied by the Royal children, proceeded to the spot, and witnessed the joyful countenances of her rustic servants.

All being in readiness, the Lord Bishop of Oxford, who had that morning arrived at Osborne on a visit to her Majesty, said Grace, and the operations commenced. The Band of the 74th Regiment, under their able conductor, Mr. Hans Hartung, played several airs and favourite selections throughout the Dinner. After the men had substantially regaled themselves, her Majesty and the Royal family having previously retired to their tent, at one end of the lawn, the cloth was removed, and "Her Majesty's Health" was drunk, the band playing "God Save the Queen." "The Health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert" next followed, with the "Coburg March"; then, "The Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family"; air, "Rule Britannia"—the men, at the conclusion, giving three hearty cheers, with "one cheer more." Her Majesty then left the grounds for a short time, with the Royal party and suite; while the humble guests enjoyed themselves over their pipes. After an absence of about three quarters of an hour, the Royal family returned and took up their positions at some little distance off, seated on camp stools, in order that they might the better observe the

rustic feats which were about to follow. Country dances, waltzes, the "Highland Fling," and various other capers among the rustics, followed each other in rapid succession. One poor "wight" looked grievous at finding himself without a partner, betook himself to a tree, round which he danced and danced in high glee, something between a double shuffle and a fandango, while his partner remained stationary: this amusement to himself, afforded rare fun to the Royal children, and her Majesty seemed highly to enjoy it. There was now a series of prizes got up for the rustic sports; at a short distance off, a game of cricket was played; and, upon the lawn, between the Royal party and the shed, quoits, jumping in sacks, leap-frog, foot-races, hopping, and running, were resorted to with much spirit. While all this was going on, the Royal children were skipping and dancing; the whole of them, from the Princess Royal to the Royal babe "in her nurse's arms," being present.

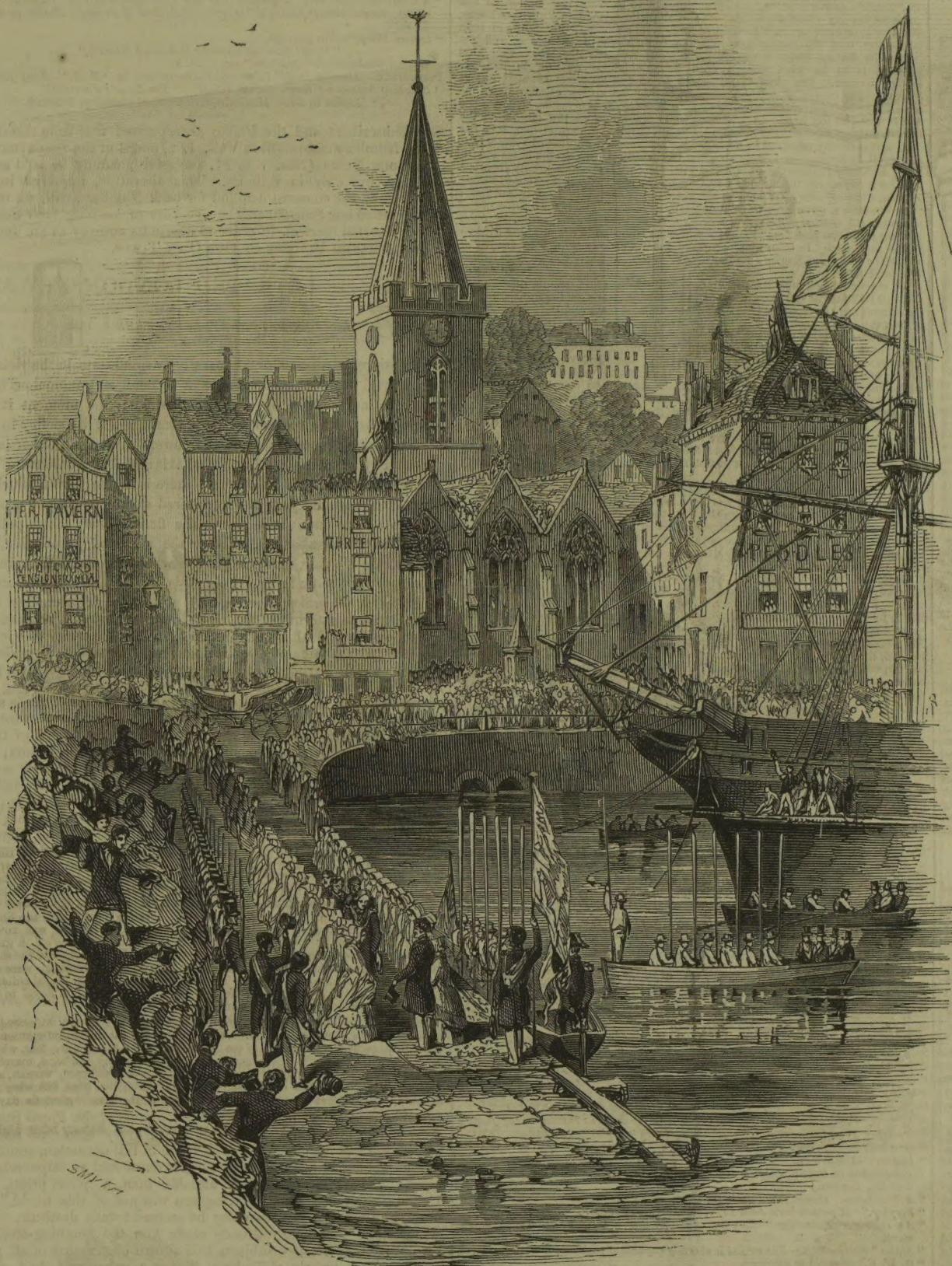
The *fêtes* occupied from four till half-past seven o'clock, and were witnessed by the Royal party; at which latter hour, her Majesty, and the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, retired. The leader of the band then seized the Coburg flag, which had been placed in front of the Royal tent, and, followed by the band, marched on; when the whole of the group, to the number of nearly 400 men, women, and children, marched or rather danced and capered about in high glee, following the band out of the grounds; thus terminating one of the most "glorious days" which the labourers have ever experienced.

We understand the *fête* will be continued annually, her Majesty being highly pleased with the good conduct and bearing of the guests.



RUSTIC FEEL, GIVEN BY THE QUEEN TO THE WORKMEN AND LA

AT OSBORNE HOUSE, TO CELEBRATE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY.



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GUERNSEY.—THE DEBARKATION.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GUERNSEY.

ALTHOUGH in our Journal of last week, we detailed this event in the recent Royal Cruise; from the extreme interest which it has excited among all classes of her Majesty's loyal subjects at Guernsey, we have been induced to commemorate the Royal Visit, graphically; and this we are enabled to do with considerable effect, by the skill of an Artist who witnessed the animated spectacle of the Queen's Debarkation at the Harbour of "the privileged Island;" and has commemorated the most striking point in a very spirited sketch—the original of the annexed Engraving.

We need not repeat the details of the Royal arrival on Sunday evening; but subjoin an account of the Debarkation on Monday, which we have received from a Correspondent.

Immediately after the Lieutenant-Governor had announced to the assembled thousands on Sunday evening that her Majesty would land next morning, orders were issued that the militia regiments of the island should be under arms by seven in the morning. The houses along the pier were rapidly illuminated, and fireworks let off until a very late hour; and hundreds spent the whole of the night in preparing flags, garlands, festoons, and devices of every shape and description. At

the early hour of four next morning, a large crowd had assembled on the piers anxious to secure places from which they might see her Majesty disembark. At eight o'clock, a guard of honour, commanded by Captain Williamson, 27th Regiment, was marched down to the quay, with a band of music; and they were drawn up on the South Pier Slip, which was carpeted, this being the intended landing-place of her Majesty. The militia regiments were placed next to the 27th Regiment, on each side of the road, from the pier to the top of the Grange, a distance of nearly a mile; through which the Royal cortege was to pass. About sixty young ladies, the *élite* of the island, (dressed in white, and bearing bouquets,) arranged themselves close by the intended landing-place. At nine precisely, the Queen and her Royal Consort, accompanied by the Hon. Miss Napier and Lady Jocelyn, Lord Alfred Paget, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and Sir James Clarke, embarked in the Royal barge from the *Victoria and Albert* yacht, under a salute from Fort George. Nothing could be more animating than the scene at this moment; flags and banners floated in the air from every ship in the harbour, while the genuine English loyalty burst from the assembled thousands. Her Majesty was handed from the barge by Prince Albert, and received by his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Ward, and Captain Munday, R.A.

Major Goodman, and the officers of the 27th Regiment. Immediately the Queen placed her feet on the shore, a Royal salute was fired; and the ladies sang the National Anthem, and strewed her Majesty's path with flowers.

The Queen then, leaning on the Prince's arm, and followed by her attendants, the Lieutenant-Governor and suite, walked up to the top of the slip, where two of the Royal carriages were stationed. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, together with the Viscountess Jocelyn and the Honourable Miss Napier, took their places in the first, an open barouche drawn by four horses; and Lord Alfred Paget, Sir James Clarke, and Mr. Anson, occupied the second carriage; the magistrates, the clergy, the law officers, and the advocates of the Royal Court being assembled close to the carriages to make their obeisance to their Sovereign. The Lieutenant-Governor then, on behalf of himself and the other authorities of the island, presented an address, which was received by Lord Alfred Paget.

The bells struck up a merry peal; the bands played "God Save the Queen;" and thousands shouted "Welcome to the 'Island Queen!'" His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Col. Ward, Major Goodman, and Capt. Munday, R.A., uncovered, preceded the Royal carriage, as it moved slowly up the town; where, amidst festoons, flags, and flowers, the Queen was received with shouts and salutations long and loud; the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the most enthusiastic demonstrations of affection. The Royal cortege proceeded up the Grange, through *Petite Marché*, Colborne-road, to Fort George, where his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor presented to her Majesty the keys of the fort. The Royal party then returned to the harbour, where the ladies again strewed her Majesty's path with flowers. The Queen and suite embarked in the Royal barge at half-past ten, under another Royal salute, and the bands playing the National Anthem, amidst the deafening cheers of her loyal and patriotic subjects.

The barge was quickly rowed to the Royal yacht; and her Majesty, the Prince, and party having gone on board, the glorious standard of England was again spread to the breeze; and, a little after eleven, the Royal squadron (with the exception of the *Garland*, which remained to embark the carriages) was on its way to Port-mouth, where it was expected to arrive at night. Mr. James Rouget, of the *Vale*, was engaged to pilot the squadron. He first went on board the *Black Eagle*, which took the lead, followed by the *Victoria and Albert* and *Fairy*. Mr. Rouget, was subsequently ordered on board the *Victoria and Albert*, which then became foremost. Having been consulted by Lord A. Fitzclarence as to the safety of the passage, Mr. Rouget took the squadron through the Swinge of Alderney; passing close to that island, from which a salute was fired. The squadron then proceeded onwards, and arrived safely at Cowes at a quarter before nine o'clock.

Although the Royal visitors left Guernsey at the early hour above mentioned, the public jubilation did not cease with their departure. During the whole of the day, thousands of happy people were promenading the streets talking over the joyous events of the morning, and congratulating one another on the auspicious visit of their Sovereign, and the gratifying manner in which every thing had passed. The shops and different houses of entertainment, which had been previously closed, were now reopened, and a brisk trade carried on in refreshments of all sorts. In the evening the officers of the Guernsey Artillery sat down to a handsome dinner at Marshall's Royal Yacht Club Hotel; and a large party, consisting of the police officers of the town parish and their friends, met at an equally excellent repast which had been ordered at Renier's Crown Hotel. Later in the evening the streets were still crowded, and at night a profusion of fireworks was let off in all parts of the town. Exuberant as were the feelings which prevailed, not the slightest disorder occurred during the whole of this busy day.

We learn from the *Guernsey Star* that her Majesty and the Prince expressed themselves highly pleased with their visit and reception. On entering High-street they seemed agreeably struck with the profuse display of decorations which were there observable, and with the thousands of faces which were beaming welcome on them from the houses. On approaching the entrance to the Fort the Prince, appeared delighted with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and asked, with much interest, of one of the special-constables, who were near the carriage, the names of the Islands in sight. When the French coast and *Capa La Hogue* were pointed out to his Royal Highness, he spoke to the Queen, who appeared to take an equal interest in the scene, and the Prince was heard to say that he was not surprised that General Napier had chosen that view for their inspection.

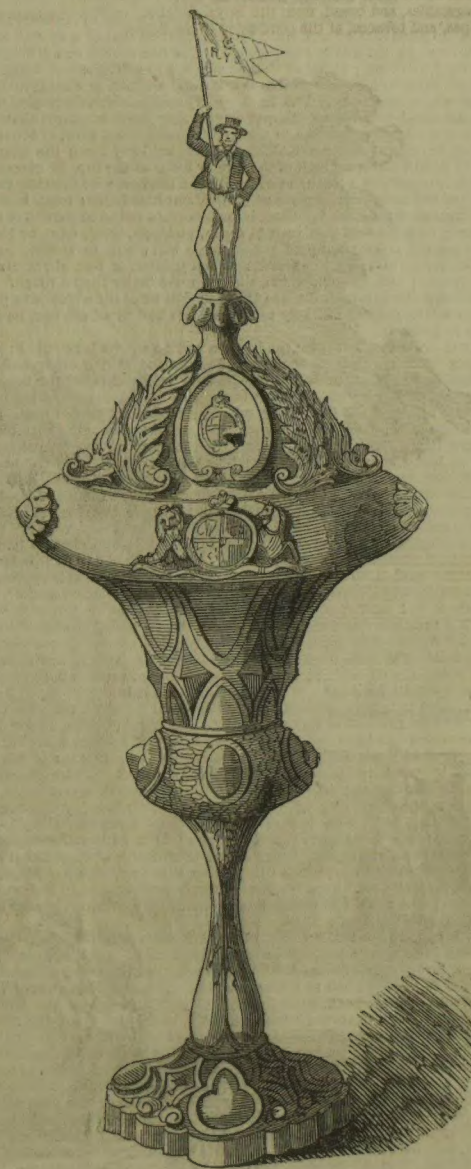
Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal were on board her Majesty's yacht, but did not land.

On Monday, an order was issued by the Lieutenant-Governor, communicating that her Majesty, at the moment of re-embarkation, personally expressed to the Lieutenant-Governor her pleasure at the reception she had met with, and her entire satisfaction with the arrangements made.

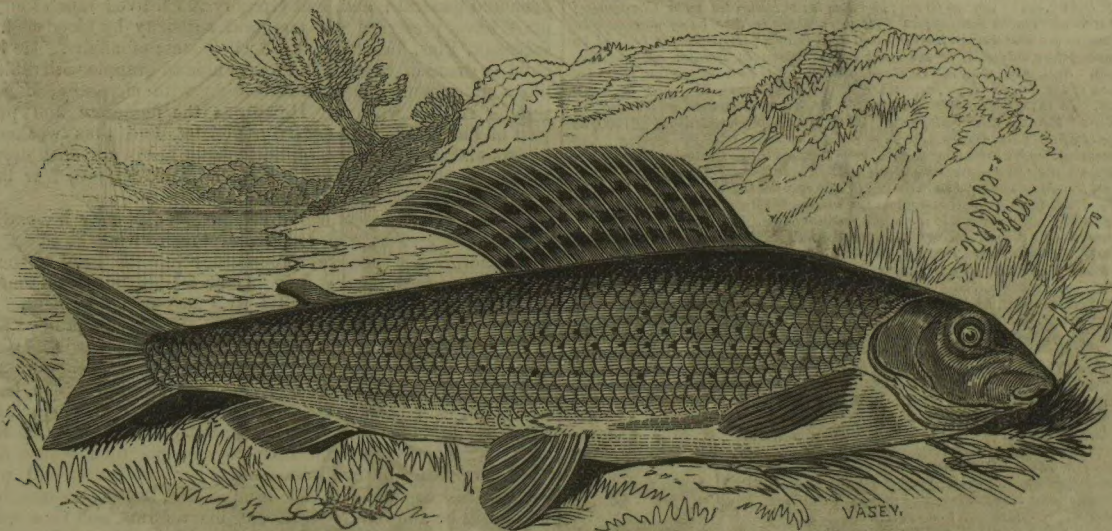
In the early part of Monday morning, the Royal squadron took a variety of supplies from the shore. The steamers *Black Eagle* and *Garland* were provisioned with a considerable quantity of coals by Messrs. John Guilbert and Son; Mr. Frederick Thompson furnished a supply of meat; Mr. William Hancock, hothouse grapes; Mr. John Ferguson groceries, &c., and Mr. George Payne, fancy-bread, &c., for the Royal table.

The Royal Court has resolved to cause this auspicious event to be commemorated by the erection of a fitting memorial.

The Address from the Royal Court has the following passage:—"Your



PRINCE ALBERT'S CUP.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



ANGLING NOTES FOR THE MONTH—THE GRAYLING.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Majesty is the first British Sovereign since the days of King John who has deigned to visit this island, which in the reign of King Edward II., and long subsequently, was termed the "Holy Isle," and our most gracious Queen will easily comprehend the feelings of enthusiastic affection, loyalty, and gratitude with which its inhabitants are prepared to greet her Majesty's appearance among them—feelings which will not only animate them through life, but be imbibed by their children's children."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT REGATTAS.—PRINCE ALBERT'S CUP.

This splendid Cup was sailed for on Wednesday, the 19th ult., as detailed in our Journal of the 22nd. It appears, however, that the *Heroine* fouled the *Intrepid* when rounding the flag-vessel off Yarmouth. To this, the Duke of Beaufort, the owner of the *Intrepid*, objected, as did also, the owner of the *Drift*, on the ground that the *Heroine* was *adrift* before the starting gun was fired, and he also claimed to have the owner of the *Heroine* put on his word as to shifting ballast. These two points not being established, they were consequently over-ruled, while the objection of the Duke of Beaufort, on the evidence of Captain Gordon and Captain Claxton, R.N., and also of the sailing masters, was so established as to lead the Committee to decide that the Cup should be again sailed for; and Friday, the 21st ult., was the day fixed for the match to take place. By the hour appointed, his Grace's vessel, the *Intrepid*, was the only yacht which appeared at the starting buoy, and she was left to walk over the course by herself, which she did under six hours, a distance of fifty-six nautical miles. It is said the Duke of Beaufort has declared his intention of giving the Cup to be sailed for again by cutters of 60 tons and upwards.

By the way, Yachting is in the ascendant, as we glean from a clever paper in the *Sporting Review* for the present month, wherein the Editor says:—"During the last two or three years yacht-clubs have been springing up all round the coast (Royal yacht clubs for the most part), for these societies have very fully been held worthy of the Sovereign's countenance. Foremost among them is the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, to which I had in some wise the honour of being sponsor. When first the idea was entertained of establishing an amateur sailing society at Ryde, it was proposed that it should be called the Osborne Yacht Club, in honour of her Majesty's residence in the Isle of Wight. I suggested that the name of the Queen would be a far more euphonious title, and one more likely to reflect dignity upon such a Club; and thence the designation under which it has at present the high honour to hail. Last year the Club had its opening Regatta—a very spirited beginning. In the present season, as will be seen anon, the Regatta at Ryde was one of the best, both as regards sport and support, that has ever been celebrated in the kingdom. We will, however, come to it under easier sail. First, it shall be told, that after a most pleasant summer in its native waters, the Royal Thames Yacht Club ported its helm for the westward, having fresh fields of glory open almost from Beachy Head to the Land's End. The Mersey sent forth its fleet for the Needles; Erin, her best barks across the Channel towards another tight little island; and early in the autumn a brilliant pleasure squadron had brought up inside the Wight; Cowes Roads and Southampton Water being literally white with the canvass that crowded them. Till very late years these noble estuaries were, so far as relates to a pleasure marine, solely tenanted by the vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron. It was but three seasons ago that the Royal Thames Yacht Club established for itself a local habitation at East Cowes. The Royal Southern Yacht Club only opened its Clubhouse at Southampton last month; and that intended for the headquarters of the Royal Victoria Club is at present in process of building at Ryde—to be opened, according to the contract, early in the ensuing summer."

ANGLING NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

In our last Notes, we gave a brief account of the Pike—preliminary to an account of the most approved modes of capturing him with hook and line. Though fishing for Pike—successfully, be it understood—is very pleasant sport, yet it cannot be denied that the operation of fixing the bait, whether dead or alive, on the hook, is extremely unpleasant, and such as no continuance of practice can render agreeable to the operator. With respect to the live bait operated on, whether frog or fish, we cannot believe that its sufferings when impaled on the hook—with its tail tied to the shank, "not harder than necessary," and its mouth neatly stitched up besides—are in any degree alleviated by the *salvo* which the Angler applies to his own conscience, namely, that he has used him, the frog or fish impaled, "as if he loved him." This is the anodyne which Father Walton suggests, in his explanation of the mode of fixing live bait on the hook, and which has obtained for him a passing cut from Lord Byron:—

The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Father Walton's brotherly love towards the live-bait does certainly savour of cant; and we are afraid that his reason for using the bait tenderly—namely, that it might live the longer on the hook—was stronger than his fraternal affection. When Walton says that the back fin of a perch may be cut off "without hurting him," we agree with the old worthy, but with an especial qualification; not hurting him, for the purposes of bait: indeed, as a bait for Pike, we consider a perch with his back fin cut off much improved.

The three principal modes of Angling for Pike are distinguished as Trolling, Live-bait Fishing, and Snap Fishing. To begin with Trolling, which, in its most restricted sense, means Fishing for Pike with a dead bait fixed on a gudgeon hook, whether single or double. With respect to the etymology of the word, doctors differ. Johnson derives it from the Dutch *Trollen*, to roll; and another doctor, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, derives it from the old French *Troller*, to run about here and there, like a questing hound. Whatever may be its origin, there can be no doubt of its being the same word, though different in spelling, which, in the active meaning of to circulate, or pass round, occurs in the chorus of an old song:—

Come, troll, troll, troll, the bonny bonny bowl,
Come, drink and troll to me, boy!

In Trolling, the rod commonly used is from about twelve to fourteen feet long, having the top piece stouter and much less elastic than that of a fly-rod, and provided with rings for the line to run through. The line should be a strong one, of at least forty yards long; either of silk, or of silk and hair, the last being preferable, as least liable to *kink* or run into snarls; and a winch to wind it upon at the butt of the rod, is necessary. The hook mostly used is a double one, of the kind called "eel-hooks," which have the points standing more outwards than others. The shank of the hook is fastened to a piece of twisted brass wire, of about two or three inches in length; and the hook, from about half-way down the shank, and the wire, to within about an inch of the eye or loop, at the top, is covered with lead, which is usually of a lozenge form, with the thickest part towards the hook. To the eye of the brass wire, a piece of gimp about nine inches long, is fastened; and the gimp, after the hook is baited, is fastened to a swivel at the end of the line. The bait may be any small fish, such as roach, gudgeon, trout, dace, or bleak. A large Pike usually is only tempted with a large bait; but, in trolling generally, where Pike are seldom caught exceeding seven pounds, a bait about six inches long is sufficient; and, in our opinion, there is none better than a roach. It is of importance that the bait be fresh, and that the skin be as little broken as possible; for, though a Pike may be as likely to seize a stale bait as a fresh one, he is much less likely to gorge it.

In order to draw the bait upon the hook, a baiting needle is required: this is a kind of long bodkin, sharp at the point, and having at the other end a small hook instead of an eye. The loop of the gimp being passed over the hook of the baiting needle, the point of the latter is entered at the mouth of the bait fish, and brought out near the fork of the tail. The gimp is then drawn through until the bends of the hooks lie in each corner of the mouth, with the points towards the tail. The bait being next tied to the gimp with a piece of thread, to prevent the bait slipping, and the gimp being made fast to the swivel at the end of the line, the Angler may proceed to make a joint trial of his luck and his skill. Some writers on the art of Angling direct that the mouth of the bait-fish in trolling should be sewed up, though for what purpose we have never been able to discover, and shall not venture to guess.

The bait being cast into the water, where Pike may be expected to haunt, and allowed to sink till near the bottom, is then to be drawn obliquely upward with a gently jerking motion, so as to cause it to spin or twirl round as it approaches the surface; occasionally allowing it to sink, and then drawing it up again. In casting the bait, it will be frequently found more convenient to throw it with the hand, with a sufficiency of slack line, than to swing it at full stretch from the top of the rod. When a Pike seizes the bait, he is to be allowed line freely, for, as he always seizes the bait transversely, or across his mouth, any check given to him is making off with it, is much more likely to cause him to drop it than to fix the hook in his jaws. When the Pike has run out as much line as he appears inclined to take, he should be allowed seven or eight minutes to gorge the bait; and at the end of that time the Angler should strike, in the direction opposite to which his head seems to lie. Should the Pike be fairly hooked, let the Angler land him as quickly as he can with safety to his tackle: to play with a fish, instead of earnestly endeavouring to get him ashore, is like giving away a chance of capture for the sake of enjoying the pleasure of a protracted contest. In our opinion, the object of Angling is to catch fish, not to enjoy pleasure in their struggles for life. Such is the nature of man—"half devil, half deity"—that his spirit of antagonism is roused even by the pull of a gudgeon at his line; feels vexed at the escape, and exults in the capture of so feeble a prey, after it has once entered, though unwittingly, into a competition with him, whether of cunning or of strength. The "dust," however, must greatly predominate in the composition, of that mortal who could feel pleasure in protracting, for the mere sake of sport, the dying struggles even of a Pike.

In what is called Live-bait Fishing, as distinct from Snap Fishing, the Pike is allowed time to gorge the bait, the same as in Trolling. In Live-bait Fishing a float is used, below which the bait swims, shot or a bullet being attached to the line, in order to keep the bait at a proper depth. The simplest mode of Live-bait Fishing is with a single hook, passed either through the lips of the bait-fish, at the side of the mouth, or through the skin of the back, just under the fore part of the fin. The most approved mode is with a double hook, or two single hooks whipped back to back, to about a foot of gimp. The mode of baiting the hook is as follows:—The loop of the gimp being passed over the hooked end of the baiting needle, the point of the latter is entered under the skin, a little behind the gills, and above the pectoral fin, and is brought out a little below the hind part of the back fin. The gimp is then drawn through till the shank of the hooks is entered nearly as far as the bend. The points thus lie flat on what is called the shoulder of the fish, and are directed towards the tail. The gimp being next looped on to the line, the bait is ready for use. As the Pike gorges or swallows the bait head foremost, this is a more certain mode of capturing him than with the single hook passed through the lips, or through the back, as, in the latter cases, from his being more likely to feel either the gimp or the projecting hook before he has fairly pouched the bait, he is more likely to blow the bait out of his mouth.

In what is called Snap Fishing, the Angler strikes immediately that the Pike descends or turns on seizing the bait, without allowing him time to gorge it, as in Trolling and in Live-bait Fishing. In Snap Fishing, sometimes a dead, and sometimes a live bait is used; and it is advisable to use stronger tackle than in either of the other modes. We shall only describe one of the various kinds of hooks used in Snap Fishing, referring such of our readers as require further information to "Salter's Angler's Guide," which contains more practical information on this subject than any other work that we are acquainted with. Whip two hooks, No. 4 or 5, or even larger, if thought necessary, to about a foot of gimp, in such a manner that the shanks may diverge from below the whipping, and the points be distant about a quarter of a circle from each other. This kind of hook is to be used with a dead bait, which is put on in the following manner. The gimp being passed in at the vent and brought out at the mouth, by means of a baiting needle, is then drawn up till the hooks lie close to the body, diverging about a finger's breadth at the bends, and with the points towards the head. A leaden bead is slipped down the gimp into the mouth, and the mouth being sewed up, the bait is ready. Snap Fishing with the dead bait is mostly practised in Spring. For trolling, the best months are March and April, in Spring; and September and October, in Autumn; the latter month being decidedly the most favourable, as Pike not only bite more keenly then but are also in better condition. The best time of the day for Pike Fishing is, in our opinion, from an hour after sunrise till about an hour before noon, in Autumn; there are others, however, who maintain that the best time is from three in the afternoon till sunset. Pike are also caught in the Winter Season, in open weather; and the best time to angle for them is from ten in the morning till two in the afternoon. In calm weather, when the water is smooth, Pike are shy of taking the bait; the Angler's best chance of success is when the water is ruffled by a brisk wind.

We must now look after the Grayling, a fish which is now coming into season, and will be better at Christmas than at Michaelmas. It is of the same genus as the salmon and the trout, as it has the same kind of teeth and the same number of fins, the second back fin, which is one of the generic marks, being also fleshy and without spines, as in all the other species included in the genus *Salmo*. It is a very beautiful fish; the general colour of the upper part of the body is of an olive brown, becoming lighter towards the belly, and displaying hues of green, yellow, and blue, as seen in different lights; the principal back fin is marked with dusky and reddish square spots; and the sides seem to be streaked with dusky longitudinal lines, an appearance which is caused by the junction of the rows of scales. In shape it is more hog-backed than the trout, and tapers more towards the tail. It does not grow to so great a size as the trout: grayling, exceeding two pounds weight, are not common; though there are instances of their having been caught weighing from three to four pounds. A grayling about sixteen inches long, and weighing about a pound, may be considered as a fair-sized fish of the species.

Grayling are not common in our island. They are not found, we believe, in Scotland; nor in any of the four northern counties of England. The principal rivers in which they are caught are the Ure, the Wiske, the Rye, the Derwent, the Wharfe, and some of the tributary streams of the Ribbles, in Yorkshire; the Dove and the Wye, in Derbyshire; the Blythe, in Staffordshire; the Clun, in Shropshire; the Wye, in Herefordshire; and the Avon, and some of its tributaries, in Wilts and Hampshire.

The same kind of flies that will tempt trout will also tempt grayling; and the only advice that we have to give on this point is, "Use fine tackle and small flies." In the latter part of the year, after the middle of October, grayling are not to be caught with the fly, except about mid-day. Grayling lie deeper in the water than trout, and seem to spring upwards from the bottom to seize the fly. They take the fly boldly, and are not so readily scared as trout; but when once hooked, they soon give in. Grayling also take cad-bait, grubs, grasshoppers, worms, and gentles; and are angled for with these baits both at bottom and mid-water.

X. Y.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, 7.—Jupiter rises at 9h. 48m. p.m.
TUESDAY, 8.—Nativity of the Virgin Mary.
WEDNESDAY, 9.—William the Conqueror died, 1087.
THURSDAY, 10.—Mungo Park died, 1771.
FRIDAY, 11.—Thomson (Seasons) born, 1700.
SATURDAY, 12.—Length of the day 12h. 50m.

HIGH WATER at London-bridge, for the Week ending September 12.

Monday.		Tuesday.		Wednesday.		Thursday.		Friday.		Saturday.	
M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	A.
h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.
2 51	3 15	3 37	3 57	4 20	4 40	5 0	5 23	5 43	6 4	6 30	6 53

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Bell."—The Great Britain steam-ship is now under examination in the Graving Dock, at Liverpool: she will sail from the Coburg Dock, in that port, on the 22nd inst. The fare, if we mistake not, is thirty guineas, and one guinea stevedore's fee.
"A Country Clergyman" assures us that we were in error, last week, in stating a Black Hood, with Blue lining, to designate an Oxford B.C.L.; which belongs to M.A. of Dublin, and, if worn by any Oxford man, can only be used through carelessness or accident.
"A Three Years' Subscriber," Rothmullin.—There are six distinct varieties of the Farthings of Queen Anne in the British Museum, but one sort alone really circulated, the others being pattern pieces. The current farthing is scarce, and brings from 7s. to 12s., and even one guinea. The pattern pieces have brought from £1 to £3, and even £5. The notion that Queen Anne struck only three Farthings is exploded in "Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated," pp. 181 to 184.
"A. E. D." complains that Acts of Parliament are charged in Dublin, by the Queen's Printers, at three and four times as much as they are sold at in London. We regret that we have not room for the Abstract.
"Lector."—The price of "Mill's Logic," 2 vols., is 30s. A small introductory work is published in Dublin, entitled "Outlines of Mental and Moral Science." (Orr and Co., London.)
"A Watchman" should complain to the Commissioners.
"Perplex."—A person born June 20, 1748, is in his 99th year.
"An Almanster Subscriber" does not state whether a County History, or small work.
"Alpha," Nottingham.—The subject is scarcely capable of picturesque illustration.
"G. W. G." need not be alarmed.
"M. A. F."—Leigh's Picture of London, to be had, by order, of any bookseller.
"A Subscriber," Richmond Green, does not specify by whom the Attorneys were engaged: upon that party the expense will fall.
"N. C." Knows.—The Birmingham Town Hall is 140 feet in length, by 65 feet wide; Exeter Hall, London, is 136 feet, by 76.
"Query," 301, Strand.—The Parliamentary Returns of 1827.
"An Annual Subscriber."—"The Illustrated New Testament" is in the press, and will be published at No. 198, Strand.
"A Sufferer by Paint."—Kalsomine, the inodorous paint, may be obtained of any Colourman or House Decorator.
"J. B." Driffield.—The reverence paid to trees is of great antiquity, and has been the subject of learned disquisition. Pliny records it of the Gauls.
"A Trump," Kent.—The Song, "The Return of the Omnibus," in our last week's paper, is from the facile pen of Mr. Albert Smith.
"A Would-be Knowing One."—"Taylor's Short-hand, improved by Harding."
"A Subscriber," Glasgow.—Writing may be effaced by chloride of lime.
"Von Wodenlock."—Engraved on Wood.
"W. O. J."—Address the letter for Mr. Hallam, to the care of Mr. Murray, Albemarle-street.
"Enquirer," Shooter, had better not meddle with the medicine, which is but rarely employed, and is, moreover, dangerous.
"A. P. F."—Christchurch, is thanked for the Sketch.
"M. A. C." will not be liable to duty on the cheese.
"S. Y. X."—"The Dictionary of the Farm," 1 vol., and the "Book of the Farm," 4 vols., are very useful works.
"Trophylloperotes" suggests that the Jerusalem Artichoke is a good substitute for Potatoes, and may be cultivated by every cottager. We cannot enlighten our Correspondent as to Dr. Lettison's "Scarcity Root."
"Cupid," Dublin.—The Gretna Green marriage is not celebrated by a Clergyman; still, it is in all respects binding; in Scotland, nothing further being necessary to constitute a man and woman husband and wife, than a declaration of consent by the parties before witnesses, or even such a declaration in writing, without any witnesses. Still, a marriage in Scotland, not celebrated by a Clergyman, (with the exception of the Gretna Green, and other Border marriages), is rarely or never heard of. In 1815, the number of marriages celebrated at Gretna was stated, in Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopedia," at 65, which produced about £1000, at the rate of fifteen guineas each.
"Reconnoissant."—We think the vacancies will expedite the Commissions of those who are on the Commander-in-Chief's list. The application to Lord Fitzroy Somerset should be made through the party who recommended our Correspondent.
"Piebs."—There is no regulation against the admission into the Army of the sons of persons in trade: nor would the height mentioned be a barrier.
"Gulielmus."—The grandfather of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay was Minister of Cardross, Dumbartonshire.
"Germanicus."—A child, born in England, of foreign parents, is entitled to all the rights of the Englishman.
"R. P." Trinity-street, had better invest in a Savings Bank: £25 is the smallest sum that can be placed in the funds.
"A Widow," Bath.—There is no such Institution as that named by our Correspondent.
"A Sufferer," Cork.—The agricultural surface of Ireland, in 1832, was estimated at 14,603,473 acres.
"Anglicanus" should consult "Walker's Elementa Liturgica," or, "The History of the Anglican Church."
"Philo-Linnæus" will find some valuable information on the Wasp family in "Westwood's Modern Classification of Insects."
"W. H."—The Lines will not suit.
A Correspondent who has applied respecting the Economic Chess-board, is informed that it is not now manufactured by Messrs. De la Rue.
"A Mother" is recommended to advertise.
"A Reader," Edinburgh, will find the information he seeks respecting the East India Company's Service, in a work published by Madden and Co., Leadenhall-street.
"J. L." Jerusalem Coffee-house.—The real of the Governor-General of India could not have been made without the sanction of her Majesty's Ministers.

"Level."—Lady Grenville's town address is 33, Charles-street, Berkeley-square; Lady Ann Grenville's, 91, Pall Mall.
"A Constant Subscriber," Goole.—We think the step to be unjustifiable by authority; but, to set the matter at rest, our Correspondent should apply to the Secretary of the General Post Office.
"W. S." Boston, wins one ball.
"A Constant Subscriber," Farnham.—If our Correspondent will order the latest edition, he will always find in it "a correct statement of Friday's Market in Mark Lane."
"Louisa Mary."—The passage, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," is from Shakespeare's "Macbeth," act v., sc. 3.
INELIGIBLE.—Lines by "M." (Farewell).—Verses sent by "E. A."—Song for the Sporting Season.—"Scorn not the Vilest."—"The Lover's Farewell."
* * * Replies to a few Musical Queries are, of necessity, deferred.

Our Subscribers and the Public are apprized that from this date, the Numbers comprised in Vols. 1, 2, and 3 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, (Nos. 1 to 87, inclusive,) cannot be sold separately, but only in volumes. This alteration, rendered imperative, by the constant demand for back Numbers, will, we trust, suggest to our Subscribers the necessity of keeping their Sets of our Journal perfect, in order to insure its entirety as an unique ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1846.

THE position of a small, or comparatively small state, in the vicinity of powerful neighbours, is always a difficult and anomalous one; it may be independent, but only nominally so; the moment it attempts to act, it discovers its own weakness, if its policy in the slightest degree inconveniences the powers around it, either in its effects or by its example. If it has what is called a "guaranteed" independence, its state is still worse; there is nothing from which a minor nation should pray to be delivered so much as the "protection" of a large one. It is one of the fictions with which politics as well as the law abounds. Under the name of "protection," is hidden absolute rule, or such an overwhelming influence, that it amounts to the same thing. Poland is an instance of protection being converted into possession, and possession degenerating into despotism and extermination. But there is always a remnant of hypocrisy in the dealings of absolute States; at the treaty of Vienna was enacted the farce of establishing an independent republic in Cracow and its territory; a State that contains one-twentieth part of the population of London, was very likely to be a striking example of independence, surrounded by the territories of three such powers as Russia, Austria, and Prussia! The frailest boat locked between three enormous icebergs is just as "independent" of their motion as the State of Cracow of the will of its protectors; the slightest motion of either of the heavy masses grinds its social fabric to atoms. How statesmen can, with a grave face, talk of such "independence" as a reality, is one of the most curious phenomena of office. Who have a more perfect knowledge that the whole thing is a cheat and delusion, acted in the face of Europe, than Metternich and Palmerston? And, yet, if occasion arose, they would to-morrow by note and protocol, discuss it with all the gravity with which they would treat a reality.

It is but little better with States that have a clearer claim to the title of "independent" than Cracow. In Italy, for instance, the predominant power is that of Austria; the race of the North has made good its footing in the sunny south; and the Land of the Romans has never completely shaken off the bondage beneath which it fell, during its decay. A Teuton is the inheritor of the throne of the Cæsars. Thus, though Italy is divided into several states, they are all chilled into inaction by the shadow cast over them from beyond the Alps. No matter what the interests of the people may require, or how uneasily the Princes may sit on their thrones, change and innovation is dreaded by Austria, and she will permit none to be made, even by the Sovereigns who see their necessity. She fears the example. The greatest sufferers from this extraneous influence have been the inhabitants of the Papal States; they were the worst governed of Italy; every abuse of secular power that can be conceived was there in full operation, resulting in the double disaster of a decreasing revenue and an impoverished people. The late Pope was an amiable man, a pious priest, and a good theologian; but his "Kingdom was not of this world," for of worldly wisdom and capacity he seemed totally destitute. His proscription of gas and railroads made him the laughing-stock of Europe; but to his own subjects this absurd obstruction of all progress was not merely ridiculous; it was a calamity. And what made it more mischievous was, that his policy had the countenance of Austria! Not that she would imitate it in her own dominions. Metternich has all the worldly wisdom that the Pope was deficient in, and though the Austrian Government, it did not systematically destroy the physical welfare of its population; on the contrary, it studiously promoted it; it levied its taxes carefully, encouraged cultivation, aided the development of railroads, and fostered the amusements of the people; the Austrian provinces of Italy are as well governed as any part of that peninsula; with a well-fed and contented population, the want of liberty is better borne; if it has never been enjoyed, it is, indeed, scarcely missed. But, when in the same fettered condition, there is physical distress, heavy and unequal taxation, official corruption—in short, a Government sitting like an incubus on the inhabitants—then there is danger of violence. The criminal duplicity of Austria consists in this, that, though it condemned the Papal system, by pursuing quite an opposite one itself, it would have lent its enormous military power for the suppression of any movement which the incapacity and blindness of the Papal Government might have provoked. But, even the dread of this coercive power was wearing out; discontent was becoming deep and general; and, had Gregory XVI. lived much longer, he must have preserved his temporal authority by bloodshed. His successor, Pius, has changed the whole state of affairs. He has no childish dread of change, and seems able to grapple with difficulties like a statesman. He began his reign with clemency; he is continuing it with wisdom. He affords the moderate and prudent part of his people hopes of improvement, and thus weakens the violent and revolutionary, whose strength lies in universal despair of anything better. And, more than all, he defeats—we fear he cannot defy—the jealousy of Austria.

A popular movement, however justifiable it may be, can easily be called dangerous, and, as such, suppressed with the strong hand. But, reforms and changes proceeding from the head of the State cannot be so impugned; they are the deliberate acts of the Ruler. At the present moment Austria feels this embarrassment. She is alarmed at the liberal tendencies of the Pontiff, and protests against them. Her representations are disregarded, but even Austria dares not with open power enforce them. She cannot march an army against the Vatican. A mob of revolvers she would shoot, bayonet, and exile, without scruple; but a Sovereign and his Council are, in a manner, invulnerable. This is especially the case with the Roman Pontiff. Had he no influence beyond his own States, Austria might venture to take him under her protection, and politely occupy his capital with an army. But, as it is, we imagine the Pope will be allowed to work out his reforms, and time will probably prove that, extensive as they may be, they will not quite uproot the established order of things from the Tiber to the Danube.

POSTSCRIPT.

WARWICK RACES.—THURSDAY.

The Foal Stakes, of 10 sovs each, and 25 added, for 3-yr-olds. Colts, 8st 9lb; and fillies, 8st 4lb.

Mr. Skerratt's Romance (h b) (Marlow) 1
Mr. Wreford's West Countryman 2
Won in a canter.

The Castle Park Stakes of 10 sovs each, and 25 added.

Sir J. Gerard's Morocco, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (E. Edwards) 1
Mr. Meesom's Dart, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb 2
Won by a neck.

The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs each, and 25 added. Winner to be sold for £200.
Mr. Bristow's Carissima, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb (Denman) 1
Mr. Barton's Reliance, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb 2

The Two-yr-old Stakes of 10 sovs each, and 50 added; colts, 8st; and fillies, 8st 3lb; winners, 4lb extra. T.Y.C.

Lord Caledon's c by Simoom, out of Cassandra (Marlow) 1
Lord Warwick's Alwal 2
Sir C. Cockrell's Congress (h b) 3

Match; 500 guineas, h ft. Three miles.—Mr. Collett's Pal, 3 yrs (Whitehouse), beat Mr. O'Brien's Jonathan Wild, 3 yrs, 8st. 7 to 4 on Jonathan Wild. Won by a length.

County Stakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and 5 only if declared, with 50 added.

Lord Chesterfield's Jenny Wren, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb (W. Abdale) 1
Lord Exeter's Sis. to Pergularia, 3 yrs, 5st 5lb 2
Mr. Waller's Columbus, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb 3

Won by a head.

The Warwick Cup, by subs of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. Four miles.

Mr. G. Moore's Wolf Dog, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb (Nat) 1
Mr. O'Brien's Jonathan Wild, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb 2
Mr. Walter's Regalia, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb 3
Lord Exeter's Sis. to Pergularia, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb 4

Won by a neck.

FIRE AT A COTTON MANUFACTORY.—On Tuesday evening last a most alarming fire broke out at the cotton manufactory of Messrs. Mellor and Roberts, New Mills, seven miles from Stockport, which was attended with considerable loss of property, but, most providentially, without any sacrifice of human life. The fire was caused, it is supposed, by the friction of the fans.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—The *Presse* contains a letter which gives a very desponding account of the condition of France in regard to provisions. It says:—"We are about to enter on one of those calamitous years in which the ordinary resources are not sufficient for the food of the people. The crop of 1845 (adds the *Presse*) is entirely exhausted, and that of 1846 has produced less than a fair average. The rye harvest has so completely failed throughout France, that it will scarcely produce sufficient for seed for the ensuing year. Some farmers have not thrashed their crop, as they found it would not pay the expense. Wheat is in general of good quality, but, contrary to the sanguine expectation of the farmers, the produce is less than that of the year 1845. The oats have been scorched by the sun in several departments. They are inferior in quantity and quality everywhere, but particularly in the departments where they serve for the food of the inhabitants. Dry vegetables, such as peas, beans, and lentils, will not produce a sufficient supply for the ensuing winter. Cabbages and carrots are exceedingly scarce. Potatoes have been attacked with the prevailing disease in twelve departments, and cause serious apprehensions for the future. So much for France." The letter then notices the scarcity which is likely to prevail in various continental cities, alludes to the deficiency of the potato crop in Ireland, and argues that the whole of Europe will be placed in a position of difficulty as regards food for its population. A private letter from Paris alludes to the same subject thus:—"Fish appears not in the market. Meat is extravagantly high. The finest piece (*filet d'aloque*), the "Sunday side" of the sirloin costs 36 sous (18d.) the pound; good veal, 22 sous. Bread is rising; vegetables beyond price—the best potatoes, for example, are three francs (half-a-crown) the *boisseau*, or stone of 14lb.; eggs, 14d. the dozen; everything else in proportion; and, bear in mind, that we are yet only at the commencement of September."—Mr. Richard Cobden reached Bordeaux on the 30th ult., and went immediately to the private residence of the Mayor, where he was to stay for a few days. A grand banquet was to be given to him on Tuesday last.—The Chamber of Deputies met on Wednesday, for the purpose of installing their newly-elected President, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries. The Secretaries for the Chamber of Deputies are Messieurs Oger, Busieres, Saglio, and Lanjuinais. The Session was to close on Thursday.

ITALY.—Private letters from Leghorn announce, that on the 27th ult., at fifty minutes past nine o'clock in the morning, another shock of an earthquake was felt in that city, which caused considerable damage. The weather was intensely hot and cloudy, and further mischief was apprehended. As a measure of precaution, the authorities had ordered several houses to be abandoned which had been more or less injured.

SPAIN.—Important accounts have been received from Madrid, to the 29th ult., confirmatory of the information given in page 146, respecting the marriage of the Queen of Spain. *El Herald* published a supplement last night (the 28th), stating that the Queen had selected the Infante Don Francisco de Assis for her consort, and had communicated her choice to the Council of Ministers, who met yesterday in consequence, and were still sitting at five o'clock, p.m. The *Gazette* publishes a decree, signed by the Queen, and counter-signed by the Minister of the Interior, announcing that she has determined to contract matrimony with her cousin, the Infante Don Francisco de Assis Maria, and commanding that the Cortes be convoked for the 14th of September next, in conformity with the 47th Article of the Constitution. *El Espectador* says that the moment the Carlists see all hope lost of the Count of Montemolin marrying the Queen, they will rush forth to the street, appeal to arms, and renew the civil war. *El Espanol* declares that the British Cabinet declined to propose a Coburg as its candidate, saying that the Queen's marriage was purely an affair pertaining to the Spanish nation to decide on, and that an intimation to that effect has been received. It asserts, as most positive, that it has been decided that the Queen's sister shall be married to the Duke of Montpensier. The Progressists intend publishing a manifesto to the nation and to Europe, protesting, in the most decided manner, against the marriage of the Infanta with the Duke of Montpensier. They demand Don Henrique for the hand of her Royal Highness.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—A meeting of the inhabitants on the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge was held on Tuesday night, at the New Inn, Bridge-road, Lambeth, for the purpose of considering the best means to be adopted for protecting their interests in the event of the bridge being pulled down. It was resolved to memorialize the Lords of the Treasury in favour of adhering to the old site. A good deal was said of the present inconvenience sustained by various classes of the public, and it was stated that omnibuses went over the bridge 630 times a day, and 730 in summer; these were now paying £15 15s. a day in tolls, or above £5000 a year.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.—On Wednesday, the usual proclamations for holding the fair were issued from the Pie-powder Court, but the preparations presented the prospects of a very sorry realisation of the pleasures of this once favourite and popular place of metropolitan resort. The Pie-powder Court, one of the most expeditions, if not one of the most ancient courts of law in the kingdom, and to which the administration of the law on all matters pertaining to the fair, or offences committed in it, was confided, is now almost limited to Bartholomew Fair, where its duties are confined to the receipts of piecage, stallage, and tollage. The Court, whose proceedings are now merely nominal, is still held at the Hand and Shears, public-house, in Cloth Fair.

THE LONDON DOCK.—During the last three months the business in this great commercial establishment has very much increased in consequence of the great influx of shipping. The Wapping basin, the great basin, and the Hermitage basin are now crowded with vessels of all nations. The warehouses are crammed with goods of every description, and a great number of lumber sheds have been cleared out and appropriated to the storage of merchandise. The quantity of wool, silks, tea, sugar, spices, wines, and flour is unusually large; indeed the warehouses were never so full of goods since the erection of the dock. The immense tea warehouses opened last summer are all filled with chests of tea. Another range of warehouses of similar height and dimensions is now building to meet the increasing wants of the tea trade. For the last six months there have been, on an average, 1500 extra men employed in the dock, and this extension of employment has been a great relief to the large population of poor labourers in the parishes of St. George-in-the-East, Shadwell, Wapping, Stepney, and Aldgate, and has caused a sensible diminution in the poor rates.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.—The baths and wash-houses in Euston-square were opened for the first time on the 3rd of August, and up to the 29th of the same month, not fewer than 12,315 persons have made use of the baths, showing an average of 462 a day. During the same period 764 women have washed 18,783 articles of wearing apparel in the wash-houses.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS IN THE METROPOLIS.—The Registrar-General reports that there were registered in the metropolis during the week which ended last Saturday, 889 deaths. This number is above the average of that of the corresponding weeks in the six preceding years by 53. In looking for the causes of this excess, attention is naturally directed to the "prevailing epidemic" the severity of which is, however, on the decrease; for although 123 persons are reported as having died of diarrhoea, and the weekly average of deaths from that disease of the last five summers is only 33, yet, during the three previous weeks the numbers were respectively, 195, 149, and 145. Of the 128 fatal cases, not fewer than 105 occurred to persons under 15 years of age.—The number of births during the last week is reported to be 993 males, and 695 females; in all, 1382.

THE REGISTRATIONS FOR LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.—In the Livery list for the City of London, the Whigs have objected to 283 names; the Conservatives to 560, total, 843. Several of the objections are made by both parties for misdescription, change of residence, &c. The objections made to the householders are, by the Whigs, 1515; by the Conservatives, 2800; total, 4315. The claims on the Livery list were only two Liberals and one Conservative. On the householders' list, the Whig claims are 304. The Conservatives have made none whatever. The number of new claims in the City of Westminster is 247, and the number of objections 267.

THE END OF THE SEASON.—1846.

OFF TO FRANCE.



If there is anything that depresses us in writing the following paper upon so agreeable a subject, it is the apprehension that there will be nobody left in England to read it. For the great rush from home—that flight of the soul of the departed season—is now at its height. Everybody who has not already gone, is going: for nobody will own to staying in town even if compelled to do so. Houses are shut up, blinds newspapered, and furniture tied up in bags to make a wretched joke, whilst the family is on the Rhine, the lamps and ottomans are all in holland. There are no more carriages whirling about the West-end streets; no more thundering knocks at doors echoing all day, and night, too, for the matter of that, in the

squares. You write letters and get no answers; you make calls, and find nobody at home but a servant on board wages, who runs out into the area to look at you before she answers the door, in great astonishment; you think it almost disreputable to be seen about; and you slink home, where, if you are musical, you may sing the following song to the tune of "The Charming Woman," or any other that it will go to:—

THE SEASON IS OVER.

The season—the season is over;
Its glories have come to an end;
And every one's rushing to Dover,
For Calais, Boulogne, or Ostend.
With crowds from Southampton to Havre,
From Brighton to Dieppe they throng,
Or any port rather than London,
The voyage is so terribly long.

Young Herbert has been up Mont Blanc,
And pass'd a whole night on its snows;
But when he got down to Chamouni,
Had lost all the skin from his nose.
And Howard has cross'd the St. Bernard,
And purchased a dog; but they say
They're terrible monsters to manage,
And oft bolt a baby per day.

And Saunders has gone off to Cairo
To see if "Eothien" is true;
And Bedford is trying the *brunnens*,
And Hall is at Weisbaden too.
The Paynes are at Nice, and are think-
ing
Of never again coming home;
And Laura and Kate are creating
A mighty sensation at Rome.

The season is over. No longer
You puzzle your brains out to think,
Ere breaking the seal, who has written
The rose nomenclature in blue ink.
No longer the chance of a party
Reminds you, you want some white
gloves,

THE PASSAGE.

"Which way shall we go?" is the first question to be settled by "persons about to travel," and the answer is generally determined by the capabilities of the travellers, as respects the endurance of sea-sickness. For the Channel is no joke, after all. Weather-beaten old gentlemen who have been backwards and forwards to India—as though Calcutta had been Herne Bay—a score of times, and have experienced all those wonderful tumblings about in the Bay of Biscay as imitated, in little, on the clockwork sea under a glass shade, where the ship, like the Flying Dutchman, is perpetually rolling and pitching without moving from where she is—who have also been up and down the wave mountains off the Cape, which Mr. Daniell delighted to paint, and the journey over which can only be compared to sitting in a swing at the Antipodes, or being impelled over a succession of *montagnes russes*—these tough, red-parchment faced, ancient mariners, have told us, that crossing the channel always made them ill. They accounted for it in some nautical fashion that we are not clever enough to explain properly. There was always a "side swell" or an "oblique trough" or something of the sort. But, we suspect, after all, they never felt at their ease in a steamboat—that they looked upon it as a contemptible tub, that ought not to be mentioned in the same breath with an Indianan, and were prejudiced accordingly.

Nevertheless, the transit tries the strongest-minded individuals; and, therefore, Boulogne is the usual port chosen to land at, the journey from Folkestone being, as ladies say, who wish to make it, "a mere nothing." For our own part, commend us to the route of Brighton, Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris. You have eight hours' sea-passage, to be sure; but then you have a lovely ride from Dieppe to Rouen—it is even something to know you are, all the while, in Normandy—and, at Rouen, you are lifted up on a crane—diligence, passengers, and all—and put on a railway truck, being taken off your old wheels only to be put down on a new set, with horses attached to them at the Paris terminus, in the Rue St. Lazare. Coming home, the Seine trip from Rouen to Havre, with Candebe, Jumièges, Robert the Devil, Quillebeuf, the Telemarque, Tancarville, Harfleur, Honfleur, and the rest of it, distances all the others to chalks—which means to our own cliffs back again.

But the drawing monotonous ride from Boulogne to Paris is enough to pull the life and soul out of the most joyous traveller. The Amiens Railway, to be sure, has lessened it; but, even now, nothing, in our opinion, can compensate for the tedium of so much of the road as remains. But of this anon.

The sea-passage is not now a very dreadful affair. There is none of that long dismal work in the dark, when the dim cabin lamp glimmered for so many hours over the worn-out inmates of the close saloon; and people used to hold tight as they crawled up the stairs, to ask the captain "what time he thought they should get in," or to look out for Boulogne lights. There is little of that tendency to tumble about all ways at once, as the boat rolled, creaking, straining, and surging, through the black leaping waters, and all the wine-glasses appeared to be fighting among themselves in the steward's bar, as the paddles hit the sea, whenever they got the chance, and then turned round in the air clean out of it. Now, the Channel is crossed in broad daylight, and frequently in that state of weather-conviviality which preceded the "return of the Admiral," when the morning was all sunshine, and the wind was blowing free; and you are not long enough on board to be tossing and tumbling just the same all night afterwards, as if you were out at sea during a storm in a French bed. Still, even now, there is a great deal of qualmsiness, especially amongst your old conventional invalids, who think it an absolute necessity to be sick, and make ready for it the minute the boat starts, contriving cloaks and pillows out of carpet bags and leather trunks in that curious fashion that only steam-boat invalids can invent. And everybody is delighted, more or less, when the packet turns from the open sea into the still water between the two long barracades of piles which bound Boulogne Harbour.

Ten to one but the first object of attraction is the French soldier—the real French soldier—at the end of the pier. All the passengers scramble up on deck. Faces appear from unknown cabins, that have not been visible before during the voyage. Clusters of *douaniers* and sturdy, thick-legged women, mark the position of the Custom-house; touters

are collecting from hotels; and visitors keep pace with the steamer, as they run along the pier, by its side, looking after their friends. Even the fashionable family who own the handsome travelling carriage on board, and who have shut themselves up in it all the journey—not so much as to fancy they were still riding along the road, as to keep up a proper degree of exclusiveness consistent with their position in Belgrave-square—begin to show upon deck, and, in two minutes more, the steamer is brought up alongside the Quai de la Douane; and then breaks forth the babel of tongues, which we may throw into doggerel as follows:—

Well, thank goodness, here we are at last, and the "perils and dangers of the deep are past;" for while that horrid sea-sickness hung around me, I would have paid the captain anything to have thrown me overboard and drown'd me; but now I think, perhaps, it's as well that he wouldn't.

I don't see anything, however, just yet, like France, where I thought the people did nothing all day but go about in ballet dresses and dance, and wreath long festoons of vine trees about the road, and sing beautifully, as they offered you grapes, smiling beneath the luscious load—as I had seen in a great many operas, and a greater number of ballets; but now here's nothing but a crowd of dirty soldiers, dreadful old women, surly gendarmes, and jabbering valets; no, I couldn't have believed it; that I couldn't.

And that is Boulogne, which I have heard so much about; and now appears in reality to be little better than a "sell;" nothing but a lot of tall, gawky houses, with white Venetian shutters; and every other house an hotel. "Now, if you please, Ma'am, this way." "*Par ici, Madame, s'il vous plait.*" "You must leave that carpet bag on board, mum, if you please; and have the goodness to deliver up your keys." "*Hotel des Bains, Madame.*" "*Hotel du Nord.*" "*Hotel Bedford, Madame; tout pres de port.*" "Leave the lady alone, Francois, this minute; don't you see that I spoke to her first, and have got tight hold of her; and she's going along with me." "Oh, Mr. Gendarme, speak to these people, I pray." "*Pardon, Madame. Je ne parle pas Anglais.*" "Have mercy, or you'll pull me in halves."

My gracious! Can I believe my own eyes? No, really, I think I can't. After all I have heard about the French nation being so exceedingly gallant: why, there are women! actually women! carrying boxes, hampers, tubs, and sacks; piled up upon one another in a manner that would break all the London porters' backs; and really, bless me, what very extraordinary folks!

Such may be the sentiments upon first landing. Romantically inclined individuals feel affected by planting their foot for the first time upon French soil; enthusiastic ones hum the Marseillaise, or begin to respect the memory of the Emperor. We, ourselves, having landed, sit on one of the posts on the Port, and sing as follows, to the tune of "Beautiful Venice":—

SONG.

Beautiful Boulogne,
I land thee in song;
Home of the stranger
Who's done something wrong.
Doorway to Europe,
Though Calais deplore;
Making of Folkestone,
Ne'er heard of before.
Ramparts commanding
A beautiful view;
Billiards and beer,
In the Rue de l'Ecu.
I know some Directors
Turn'd stags, who, to thee,
Beautiful Boulogne,
Cant over the sea!

Beautiful Boulogne,
I land thee in song;
What memories of old
To thy paved streets belong.
I think on Miss Crutshank's
Fair liveried girls!
Miss Burton's young ladies,
Their eyes and their curls!
And the pastry-cook's shop
Up the Grand Rue, half-way,
At that corner, so dear,
Of the Rue Neuve Chaussée.
I've wander'd about,
But the bathing for me
Is at beautiful Boulogne,
Two hours by sea!

BOULOGNE.

With all its annoyances, there is something very pleasant in arriving at a French hotel. The perfect novelty of everything about you, even in the houses termed English—the unwonted feel of the tiles on the floor—the white crockery—the comical iron-work of the locks and window-fastenings; and the windows themselves, which always open with a gust that blows you out of the room, if the door is open—the walnut-tree bedstead—the rustling mattress—the pie-dish and milk-jug toilet apparatus—the black marble mantel-piece, and tawdry flowers—the very ludicrous key, with its little brass number-ticket hanging to it—the trim chambermaid speaking a language so fluently, that you only associate in its purity with almost patrician refinement—all this is very pleasant. And most comfortable are the French beds; only you cannot get to sleep well the first night. The mere fact of being in a foreign land keeps you awake.

In the morning, you hear strange noises in the street—perfectly different to the out-of-door sounds of England. Odd, unnatural carts go jingling by, taking the wrong side of the road; the women are again at work carrying their loads about, like ants, with no perceptible object; the steamer that fought with the sea so lustily the night before, is lying quietly alongside the Quai, guarded by a soldier who looks as if he had walked out of a box of toys, and is put there to keep the bottles of stout and British manufactures from marching on shore; and the "shatter-go-dan" carts are scuffling backwards and forwards to and from the bathing establishments. Then, after breakfast, the visitors turn out. Armed with a "Handbook" and a human guide, they commence sight-seeing; and it is hard to say whether, in general, they do not afford quite as much amusement to the natives, as they derive from them.

The first thing they stop at is a diligence, dozing after its all-night journey, in the yard of the Messageries. It is possible, amongst all our readers, that there may be one who has never seen a diligence—not even M. Philippe's, with which he advertised his conjuring. We will give them the receipt for making one, after M. Soyer, whose union of cookery, literature, and illustration, is marvellously amusing. Here goes, then:—

TO MAKE A DILIGENCE.

Take a broad-wheeled waggon, and separate carefully the wheels from the body, which put by. Then catch the body of an old headed gig, as well as those of a post-chaise, a stage-coach, and a thick slice from the hinder part of an omnibus, two persons in breadth. Truss the back of the post-chaise to the front of the coach, the boots being carefully removed; and at the back of all, skewer on the slice of omnibus. Set carefully on the wheels, and then add the headed gig to the top of the post-chaise, securing it by whatever *attelles* you please. Bake for twenty-four hours on a dusty road; garnish with bits of cord and a screw-jack, and serve up with whatever sauce you may hear on the road. Your diligence is then completed.

ANOTHER WAY.

Divide an omnibus into three parts, and turn the middle one sideways, making such doors as occasion may require. Place an old private cab on the top, and cover with a tarpaulin. Finish with a crust of gypsum dust and rain water.

The next lion is the Column—the pillar set up to celebrate the victory over England by Napoleon, which we will celebrate in a song. Only do not sing it in France, or they will throw stones at you.

BONAPARTE.

AIR—"Guy Fawkes."

I sing Napoleon Bonaparte, the prince of all invaders,
Who play'd with bones just like the Ethiopian Serenaders—
That is, I mean, with flesh and bones—no sportsman e'er was prouder—
And look'd on all his faithful men as so much food for powder.
Bang! bang! bang!!!
Riddle riddle, fiddle fiddle, bang, bang, bang.

He went to Moscow with his army, winter drawing nigh, Sirs,
And conquered all the Russians in the twinkling of an eye, Sirs—
That is, he would have conquered them, but Alexander sold him,
And Moscow and the Kremlin made too hot by half to hold him.
Bang! bang! bang!!! &c.

He built a floating battery, and in it soon came over,
And drove all England into fits, and sent the port of Dover—
That is, he would have checked our King, and made a game of chess of it,
But only upon second thoughts he feared to make a mess of it.
Bang! bang! bang!!! &c.

He built the column at Boulogne, and all in celebration
Of those tremendous victories o'er our shopkeeping nation—
That is, he meant to gain them, on our throne that they might set him,
And would have done so if "F. M. THE DUKER" had ever let him.
Bang! bang! bang!!! &c.

The Cathedral is not imposing, but worth a visit, especially if it be

THE END OF THE SEASON—1846—OFF TO PARIS.



LANDING AT BOULOGNE.

the first French church you have seen. You do not have to wait for the keys, hunting up the clerk or sexton, and tagging round after him, wherever he pleases to take you. The doors are always open, and people go in and out just as they please—from the market, the promenade, the sea, or the country. They cheat and bargain: put down their baskets—go in and pray, and come out again: and commence cheating and bargaining as before. When you have seen one French church, you have seen all. Old women and young girls make up the congregation: and a sprinkler of holy water at the door, guards the entrance with a little broom. Quantities of tiny candles, like the "Christmas candles" of the children, flare, gutter, go out, and smell of triangular metal stands about the interior. You will not be noticed, by any one, unless you take a chair, and then the owner emerges from behind some pillar, and is pretty soon down upon you. Or, if you look in want of a



LUGGAGE PORTERS.

valet de place—and our English visitors always appear to be—the beadle, or *Suisse*, in his full dress, is there to act as *cicerone*.

The Diligences, the Column, and the Cathedral, are, to our minds, the lions of Boulogne to strangers. But, for sojourners, there are the shop-windows, with their attractive stores. The delicately carved ivory of Dieppe, in brooches, studs, and buckles; the cognac at a franc a bottle; the large tin gloves, and novel signs to the shops; all these are matters for amusement "to the stranger and observant pedestrian," as the guide-books say. But our travellers are on to Paris. *En route!* thus:—

THE ROAD TO PARIS.

"She only said, it's very dreary
Change cometh not, she said;
She said, of this long ride I'm
weary,
I wish I were abed!"

The sentiments of Alfred Tennyson's exquisite "Mariana in the Moated Grange" may, with a little change, apply to the traveller on the grand route from Boulogne to Paris. For nothing can be



COURIER AND TRAVELLING CARRIAGE.

THE FEMME-DE-CHAMBRE.

THE END OF THE SEASON—1846—OFF TO PARIS.



VIEWING THE COLUMN, AT BOULOGNE.

so dismally depressing as the long, monotonous journey which it is necessary to accomplish before you can arrive at the French capital. Indeed, the whole poem might be parodied with effect: beginning, for instance:—

With whitest dust the living load
Was choked and coated, one and all,
And all the border of the road,
Was edged by either ditch or wall.
The villages looked dull and strange,
The doors were void of bolt and latch,
And years had mouldered all the thatch,
But yet they never thought of change.
He (or she) only said, &c.

Indeed, the original, in some places, would require but little alteration, as follows:—

Hard by, some poplars shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues, no other trees did mark,
The level waste, the rounding grey.

It is, indeed, a dreary journey. Those long, long, roads—the best compromise between mud and granite ever effected, excluding even

MacAdam: the hedgeless country; the thin, greyhound-looking pigs; the utter absence of all that constitutes our English notions of rural life; and the almost daguerrotyped similarity of the straggling villages weary one to death.

Posting or diligence, it is all the same. For the Courier is but a Conducteur in private life; about whom, for all particulars, we refer you to "The Brave" of Mr. Dickens—a type of the class—feeling assured that, after that portrait, nothing more can be said upon the subject. Every hotel looks like the last you left; and all the beggars who swarm round the carriage are evidently of the same family. "Pour la Charité, Madame;" "Pour l'amour de Dieu, Monsieur," is uttered in the very same tones at every relay, by the beggars, who imagine that all English travellers carry the celebrated purse of the Fairy Tales, which was always filled with money.

The inmates of our travelling-carriage will, possibly, rest on the road. Abbeville, Amiens, or Beauvais, may all be taken as sleeping places. But herein they miss several points in the journey, which always present themselves so vividly to those who have been accustomed to travel on the Continent. The clattering through the narrow, silent streets, and

dark deserted Place of the large towns, until the diligence stops at the bureau of "Lafitte, Caillard, et Compagnie, Messageries Generales Rue St. Honoré, No. 130,"—the clumping about of the stable-people in their wooden shoes—the wild, unintelligible conversation of the postilion and conducteur—the fighting and neighing of the horses, and the tremendous job of putting them to the start again, as the crack of the whip rouses the sleeping inhabitants, and the "Hi! hi! Djack en! Hue blanc! Allume ir-r-r-r-r done!"—as near as English letters can give the sounds—of the postilion, keeps on continuously through the night to the "jing! jing! jing!" of the bells on the head-piece—all these things are peculiarly characteristic of the night-journey. And the turn-out at daylight to breakfast—the blinking eyes, and unshorn chins, the strange head-dresses, and pale faces, are things only witnessed under these circumstances.

At Paris we leave our travellers; for there, we might fill volumes of our paper with descriptions. But we will bid them farewell in a restaurant of the first class. It may be Verrey's, or Vefour's, or the Trois Frères Provençaux, or any other of the leading houses. Now, if you

(Continued on page 160.)



VISIT TO THE CHURCH.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Breathes there the man so Cockney-bred,
That never to himself bath said,
"This is September's glorious First,
When men in sporting science versed,
O'er stubbles range, and hedges burst,
While for the death of birds they thirst,
And aim their best, and do their worst;
While coveys are with shot dispers'd,
And lawless pointers freely curst?"

In sober prose (as if all verse was intoxicated) is there a man or a partridge in England to whom the coming of the First of September is a matter of indifference?

The Lords of the Creation, considered relatively to partridges, may be classed in four divisions. First, those who shoot and are fond of shooting. Secondly, those who are not fond of shooting, but who shoot as they hunt and do many other things, because they think it correct. Thirdly, those who have the will but not the means to shoot. And, fourthly, those who have no skill, little pretence, and less zeal in matters of gunpowder and fowling pieces. To this last class we confess to belong; but it does not follow that the season of partridges is to us an epoch, which we regard carelessly and coolly, as we do those of the Monsoons, or the Mahometan fast-days.

No, though we appreciate not the game in its feathers, we respect it when plucked and roasted. We are indifferent to it when lurking in the corn-field, but we are fully alive to its merits when duly shrouded under pie-crust.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum;

and the adage is fully applicable to partridges, though we should be sorry to have the last words translated—

Give us nothing but a bone.

Still it is a fearful thing for a non-shooter to be "sub iis-dem trabibus," with devotees of the detonator, about this period of incipient autumn. As the First approaches, your nostrils are assailed by the odour of gun-wash; you see extraordinary vestments brought forth from strange lurking places, and furnished up, until you think that your friends are preparing to put themselves in uniform for the Yankee Regiment that is to take California. Their talk is of pointers; and, from its subject and its wearisomeness, it unavoidably reminds you of Ovid's "Epistola ex Ponto." On the eve of the eventful day, the "gentlemen-sportsmen's" tempers grow atrociously fractious and ungente. Either the gunsmith has not altered the faulty nipple, and "the cap won't fit," or the breaker has not brought home the young dog, or the bootmaker has not new-heeled the heavy highlows, or the promised leave to shoot over farmer Stubbins's turnips has been withheld, or some similar mishap has occurred to rumple the serenity of the ocean of their minds; and the house is one scene of complaint—calling, bawling, and even direr sounds, till daybreak on the First calls the watchful bearers of fire-arms forth, and you rejoice in an interval of calm until their return in the evening, with the invariable annual response to your enquiry about there being plenty of birds—"Oh, yes, there are birds enough; but they are so wild, that there is no getting within shot of them."

Probably before a week or two of the season has passed, you are deluded into joining the shooting party, and trying your skill. Most men, however little generally addicted to such things, make the experiment once. We did it in early youth, and never shall we forget the day—

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On Memory's waste.

That is to say, we look back on it as the greenest thing we ever did. We first had to wrestle into a shooting-jacket calculated for far different dimensions; and then, with gaiters painfully buttoned round our extremities, with a felt hat jammed upon our brows, with a quantity of powder fastened about us, which we feared every minute would explode, with a heavy old single-barrelled gun (we were not trusted with double barrels) thrust into our hands, we were marched through stubble, turnips, fallow, and hedge-row,

From morn to dewy eve;

and very dewy indeed the Swedes were. As our gun went off several times at a curious angle, while we were vainly endeavouring to obey orders and gently lower the hammer upon the cap, our companions kept us a little in advance of their line, so that their shots whizzed by our ears all day. Now and then a number of brown feathered things started up before us with an audible startling whirr, and disappeared over the hedge before we could point the gun upon our shoulder. These we were told were partridges. Now and then we fired sternly and steadily at tempting birds that were perched near us. These we were told were larks.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Barrels single, barrels double,
Seemed to us all toil and trouble:
Sporting joys we hold a bubble.

But there was one brief period of enjoyment in that long, long day: we need hardly say that we refer to the luncheon hour. Oh! how welcome was the sight of the trysting-tree, 'neath which John was to await us with the creature comforts, fluid and solid. Oh! how we appreciated the kindness of those fair friends, who came themselves to meet us, and see that the weary sportsman's wants were duly cared for.

There was One—
One whom we oft had loved to meet,
Whom long we did adore;
But, oh! she never looked so sweet,
So beautiful before.

We composed (but did not show her) the following genuine effusion of our sentiments on the occasion, which will, we believe, come home to the feelings of many of our gentlemen-readers this week:—

THE SPORTSMAN'S SONG AT NOON.

AIR—"Oh! come to me when daylight sets."

Oh! come to me when luncheon's set—
Sweet, then come to me!
When limbs we rest, and throats we wet,
Beneath the greenwood tree;
When draughts of "Bass's Pale" begin
To chase mule thirst away;
And no one thinks a fib a sin
About the game we play.

Oh! then's the hour for those that shoot,
That shoot, at least, like me:
How blithe I quit the game's pursuit,
When your approach I see.
With warmest love and coldest punch
I'll drink a health to thee—
The charming girl that brings our lunch
Beneath the greenwood tree.

The English public, sporting as well as Non-Sporting, has been hugely diverted this week, by a letter purporting to come from Cannes, and to describe the preparations of a certain Ex-Lord-Chancellor, and a member for Westminster, for such stag-hunting as never before had been witnessed in France or England either. There were to be Sardinian stags, and English dogs, and "six keepers in handsome liveries of marmore coloured velvet, with gilt buttons, bearing his Lordship's crest;" and, last, but not least, the Chairman of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was himself to officiate as head huntsman, and teach Frenchmen how to go across country. On Thursday, however, appeared a letter from one of the supposed Leaders in the sport, denouncing the whole as a wicked hoax. We felt the disappointment keenly, for we had set our hearts on a visit to the Forest of La Croix de Gardy to see the Baron Brougham turn out:—

Our heart was at Cannes, our heart was not here,
Our heart was along with Lord Brougham and his deer,
To hear him Tantivy, and follow the roe,
But our heart is half-broken, for we find 'tis no go.

One little piece of news from abroad remains, however, uncontradicted; that is, the late Premier's quiet intimation to some Prussians who had been eulogising his financial measures, that his Income-Tax was to lay the foundation of a new system of taxation. He told us, that it was a mere temporary depletion of our purses. Now we learn the truth. The information is interesting, but not quite calculated to make us wish Sir Robert once more empowered to dip official fingers into our pockets.

MARGATE.—A letter from Margate says the season has been a very gay one at that town. The theatre has been well attended. On Monday night Mr. Henry Bety appeared in "Macbeth," before a crowded audience, with great success.

ROBBERY AT THE NORFOLK RAILWAY.—A very serious robbery was committed on Monday, at the terminus of the Norfolk Railway, in Norwich. Immediately after the arrival of the first down train, it was discovered that the cash box of the company, which was kept in the office attached to the station, had been emptied, and its contents, amounting to upwards of £800 in gold and silver, had been carried off. The key was still remaining in the lock, but the cash was gone. A general opinion seems to prevail that the robbery must have been committed by some party connected with the office; and Mr. H. Bollingbroke, one of the city magistrates, and who is the resident Director, was engaged the whole day in examining the servants of the Company and the premises, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. The spoil weighed nearly half a cwt., and, consequently, its removal must have been a work of much difficulty.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We brought up our report of this meeting, in our last number, to Thursday morning. The second and last concert, on that evening, was fully attended, and the scheme afforded the highest gratification. Mendelssohn conducted his Overture and Music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which created an immense sensation, the "Wedding March" being encored. A Duo on Two Pianofortes, the "Homage to Handel"—played by its composer Moscheles, and Mendelssohn—was a great treat; it is rarely that two such accomplished pianists are brought together in one piece. Weber's "Preciosa" Overture was the other instrumental piece. The vocal selection comprised no novelty; the well-known concert-room repertoire was resorted to. Miss Bassano acquitted herself ably in Mozart's "Non più di fiori," with the Corno-Bassetto Obligato, played with a nice tone by Mr. Williams. Machin sang Czapek's (Mr. Hatton) song of "King Sirid" with spirit. Miss Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, and H. Phillips, were encored in Calcott's glee "With sighs, sweet rose;" Grisi in Verdi's "Non fu sogno," and in the duo with F. Lablache, "Oh guardate;" Mario in Cimarosa's "Pria che spunti;" and M. Caradori Allan and Staudigl in Mozart's "Giovannetti."

On Friday morning was the last performance of sacred music. The programme opened with Mehl's overture to "Joseph," and was followed by the 93rd Psalm (Dr. Broadley's version), set by Moscheles. This was written *sec. art.*, but was destitute of all inspiration. Madame Caradori gave the "Let the bright Seraphim," with Harper's trumpet obligato, but both were at fault as to intonation. Miss Bassano, Mario, and F. Lablache sang Cherubini's "Benedictus," and then Miss Bassano gave the tenor air of "O Liberty," with the patriarch Lindley's violoncello obligato. A portion of Beethoven's Mass in D succeeded; but, save the "Kyrie Eleison," was miserably executed, and the best pieces, the "Credo" and "Donna nobis pacem," &c., were excised. Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus," from the "Mount of Olives," came next in rotation, half the audience believing that it formed part and parcel of the Mass. Dr. Gauntlett's organ performance was a wondrous development of its powers, such as they are; but his great skill was impeded by the heavy touch. Mendelssohn for this season declined to play on the unwieldy instrument. The wind was let off the great trumpet stop, during Bach's fugue, but Dr. Gauntlett managed to display all the stops in the "Harmonious Blacksmith." Spohr's hymn, "God thou art great," made no impression. Mario was encored in Handel's air, "Lord, remember David," sung with Italian words. Miss Hawes was called upon to repeat Handel's "Holy, holy," and Staudigl was encored in the air from "The Seasons." Owing to the hoarseness of Grisi in the first part, when she sang Marcello's aria, "Il creil," Mendelssohn's quartet from the "Elijah," "Every one that thirsteth," was substituted for the "Gratias agimus." Mendelssohn was much cheered on his entrance. He scored a tenor recitative for Mr. Lockey, in the coronation anthem of "Zadok the Priest" within a few minutes, the original parts by Handel being missing. The achievement was not remarkable, but it was quickly done. A more curious incident came under our notice, and this was Benedict the composer, who, at the "Elijah," without having heard a note previously, took down in notation on his programme the *motif* of every piece, its key, its time, its form, and construction—a most marvellous exercise for the ear, when it is added that he did not make a single mistake.

The Dress Ball at the Theatre in the evening was well attended, but a dispute took place between M. Julien and the Committee, the latter having refused to engage certain artists at exorbitant terms. M. Julien having offered his own services gratuitously. The firm tone of the members of the Committee induced M. Julien to apologize at the early part of the ball, and he did his "spiriting" right well at the conclusion. Although the Festival finished on Friday night, Mr. Simpson, the manager of the theatre, gave additional *édât* to the week by engaging Grisi, the Misses Williams, Mario, F. Lablache, John Parry, Benedict the pianist, and Hayward the violinist, for a Concert on Saturday night. The house was crowded in every part, the encores were numerous, and the receipts such as to pay Mr. Simpson for his spirit.

The Festival has produced £11,500, the largest of any meeting except that of 1834, when the Town Hall was first opened. Upwards of £1,500 were taken at the doors in donations. It is anticipated that between £4000 and £5000 will be the net amount for the General Hospital. On the whole, the musical attractions have been great. It was a mistake, certainly, to have engaged Moscheles as a conductor, but the success of Mendelssohn's new work was so great, as to outweigh all defects. The exertions of the Committee, of Mr. Munden, the sub-conductor; of Mr. Stimpson, the chorus-master; and of Mr. Stevens, the secretary, deserve every eulogium. Lord Wrottesley, the President, has addressed a very handsome letter of acknowledgment to the chorus-singers for their exertions, and the Committee, at their meeting on Saturday, voted special thanks to all concerned. The inhabitants of Birmingham maintained their fame for hospitality. The Press received every attention from the Stewards at the Hall. Nor must we omit that the number of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of Saturday last, containing the splendid engraving of the interior of the Town Hall, met with universal admiration.

GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MANCHESTER, Thursday.

Two Concerts on a grand scale were given on Monday and Wednesday last, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. It was the spirited undertaking of four persons, who coalesced for the purpose of affording amateurs here the opportunity of hearing music by the best masters of the old school, with a band and chorus of 200 performers, and with leading artists of the Italian, German, and English style. Although the result has not been successful in a pecuniary point of view, the musical triumph has been immense, and an example has been set to the members of the various local societies and clubs how much may be achieved for art by unity and coalition. There can be no doubt that these two concerts will have the best effect hereafter, and that Manchester will renew the glories of 1836, when the last great Festival was held. The melancholy death of Malibran in that year, at the Mosley Arms, from over-excitement, and also probably from the homoeopathic treatment to which she was subjected, had, no doubt, some weight in the non-renewal of the triennial meetings, but the chief reason was the want of a large Music Hall.

For the Fancy Ball, given in 1836, several streets were covered over with passages. The Free Trade Hall will hold 4000 persons, seated; and, with alterations, might be adapted for grand gatherings. On the Monday there were upwards of 2000 persons present; and, on the Wednesday, more than 2500; but the outlay had been so great that even at the prices of 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., the balance is on the wrong side. An excellent band was provided, comprising the best orchestral talent here, with Mr. C. A. Seymour as first violin; and strengthened by Howell, double bass; G. Cooke, oboe; the two Smiths, and Healey, trombones. Benedict was the conductor, and Mr. Waddington, jun., chorus master. The most celebrated Lancashire choral singers had been selected. On Monday the programme consisted of Weber's "Freyschutz" and Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," the latter being encored. Mr. Benedict played the pianoforte obligato, Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, Op. 65. It went well: the wind instruments took up their points firmly, and the stringed ones were full of vigour and precision. The chorals distinguished themselves in this piece—in Rossini's chorus from "Semiramide," "Belus," in Lord Mornington's "Here in cool grove," rapturously encored; and in the two choruses, "Disperse, disperse," and "Come with torches," from Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." The light and shade of their colouring and nice observance of the pianos—the fortes, as usual, taking care of themselves—were very conspicuous. The solo singing was first-rate, although Grisi, at the first concert, was still suffering from a relaxed throat. She sang the "Qui la voce" from the "Puritani," and the "Ah! rammento" from Mercadante's "Leonora." Mario created a great sensation in Donizetti's "Fra poco," which was demanded a second time. He also sang the "Da pescatore ignobile," from Donizetti's "Lucrezia." Rossini's "Ziti" from "Il Barbiere," was encored; it was executed with much vivacity by Grisi, Mario, and F. Lablache. Staudigl's impressive "Battle Prayer" of Himmel was another encore, as also F. Lablache's lively "La Danza." Miss Hawes sang Lindpaintner's "Standard Bearer," and her own ballad of the "Genius of the Spring." She has been very indisposed since the Birmingham Festival, but she maintained her fame, although both she and Staudigl were out of their element in the "Bella image" from the "Semiramide." Mario's impassioned interpretation of Beethoven's "Adelaide," with Benedict's elegant accompaniment, was one of the greatest treats at this concert.

In the second scheme, on Wednesday, the overtures were Weber's picturesque "Preciosa," and Rossini's melodious "Semiramide." The choruses were Haydn's "Come, genial Spring," from the "Seasons," the "Hymn to Bacchus," from Mendelssohn's "Antigone," and Handel's "Haste thee, Nymph," the solo by Staudigl, who, however, was not so happy as Phillips, in this laughing effusion. The finale from "Norma" was also executed with the chorus, Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache and Staudigl having the *soli*. In the "Sanctus" and "Hozanna" of Mozart prior to the "Benedictus" sung by Grisi, Miss Hawes, Mario and F. Lablache, the chorallists performed their functions right well. There were eight encores; Grisi, who was in fine voice, in the "Dolce Guidani," from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," and in the "Non fu sogno," from Verdi's "Lombardi;" Mario in the "Tutte le sciolto" from Bellini's "Sonnambula," and in the "Com'è gentil la notte," the Serenade from the "Pasquale." For the "All is lost now," Mario substituted the second time the "Ange si pur," from Donizetti's "Favorite." Staudigl was encored in Schubert's "Der Wanderer"—in Benedict's "Rage thou angry storm," and in Weber's "Revenge" from the "Freyschutz." Miss Hawes was called upon to repeat Wallace's "Scenes that are brightest," from the "Maritana." She also sang Smith's "Full Fathom Five," and Moore's "Minstrel Boy," most splendidly. The Quintet from Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia," "Oh guardate," was rendered excellently by Grisi, Miss Hawes, Mario, F. Lablache and Staudigl.

Both concerts were great musical treats; the talent was all of the first order, and there were no mediocrities to disturb one's equanimity. Commencing at seven o'clock, all was over at half-past ten, and extra trains were put on, for the adjacent towns.

MR. ISAAC'S CONCERT AT LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday night, Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, John Parry, and Benedict, were engaged for the concert of Mr. Isaac, a pianist, and associate of the Royal Academy of Music. It was given at the Royal Amphitheatre, the pit of which was converted into stalls for the occasion. The house was well attended. Mr. Isaac executed pieces by Herz and Mendelssohn in excellent style, and played a duo on two pianofortes, with Benedict, Moscheles' "Homage to Handel." Herr Zengheer Heermann led the band, which was, however, but indifferent. The Italian singers were encored in nearly every piece, as also John Parry in his comic ditties, although he lost the words in "Matrimony" and was obliged to substitute another song. It is not generally known that this facetious and unrivalled *buffo* singer is one of the most nervous of artists, and never comes before the public without trepidation.

MUSICAL CHIT CHAT.—Mr. T. Romer, a tenor, who has been singing in Italy under the name of Signor Traversi, has just returned from that country, where he has had a successful career.

The two expeditions out of the Drury-Lane Company have been very successful in the provinces.

One party consists of Miss Rainforth, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Stretton; and the other, of Miss Romer, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Borran. Ireland, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, &c., have been visited in turn; "Maritana" and the "Bohemian Girl" being the principal operas.

Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, John Parry, and Benedict, had a morning concert at Buxton on Thursday; and yesterday (Friday) were to sing at Leeds.

Fornasari, Castellani, Corbani, Marras, Kellermann, and Orsini, after concerts at Manchester and Liverpool, have departed for Ireland.

Lablache has arrived at his villa, in Naples, where he will remain until the end of October; and will then join Grisi, Persiani, Ronconi, Coletti, Mario, &c., at the Italian Opera, in Paris.

THE THEATRES.

The present month is proverbially the dullest in the dramatic calendar. The principal houses are closed; and the minor ones scarcely think it worth their while to put forth any very great novelty, seeing that a large proportion of their supporters—more especially, perhaps, as regards their private boxes—has left London. Still, the Managements are not altogether idle. The PRINCESS announces a three-act comedy in active rehearsal; and a new farce by the author of "The Trip to Kissingen" is underlined at the LYCEUM, where Mr. Dance's "Magic Horn" is drawing very good houses, and bids fair to continue to do so. The business over the water is also very fair, looking to the powerful opposition which the Surrey Zoological Gardens prove to the transpontine theatres every fine evening. The sisters Cushman have been going through their most effective parts at the SURREY, to full and attentive audiences; and the "Merchant's Steed," at ASTLEY'S, although not a new piece, from being very carefully put on the stage, and in some instances improved, is a judicious revival. We wish, however, some "creative mind" would invent a few new feats of horsemanship—not at this house in particular, but in arenas generally. The old performances are terribly hacknied, and the clinging to the oldest "rapid act"—that of leaping over the bands and poles—is as devoted as ever. It is nothing to see, and nobody ever thinks anything of it when it is done; the "diffusion of useful knowledge" teaching people that, by the laws of motion, the great difficulty would be in *not* coming down upon the horse again. Ducrow threw more variety into his scenes in the circle than any other *artiste* has ever done: in this respect he outdid Franconi.

SADLER'S WELLS.

It is a very long time since we have been so much gratified at any theatre as we were with the performance of a young lady, new to the London boards, at this house, on Wednesday evening, in Sir Edward Lytton's ever-charming play of "The Lady of Lyons." Miss Laura Addison is, we believe, from the provinces. Her acting is said to have attracted the attention of Mr. Macready when he was playing in the country; and it was reported that he had made an engagement for her to play with him at the Surrey. How she comes to be at Sadler's Wells we know not; but this we do know, that Mr. Phelps has been most fortunate in securing a young and clever actress for the impersonation of his leading female tragic characters, and one to whom we predict a bright career. Our readers know the delightful play of "The Lady of Lyons" too well to require any new description of its story or action. But we may say that we hold it to be the type of what our modern drama ought to be. We should hear little of the decline of legitimacy were our leading dramatists able to furnish us with similar pieces, of the same admirable construction and graceful natural writing. The interest of the play commences in the very first scene, and never once flags. Its progress is so simple, yet so enchanting, that it fixes the attention of the lowest-minded of the audience; and it may be seen again and again, and ever with renewed delight.

Miss Addison performed *Pauline des Chapelles*. In the earlier scenes of the drama she has little to do; but towards the close of the third act, where *Melnotte* returns with her, as his bride, to his poor cottage, her genius had full scope; and she threw such impassioned energy, and, at the same time, such truthfulness into her acting—her portrayal of the conflicting passions that convulsed her was so vividly powerful—that long and loud bursts of applause broke from all parts of the house almost continuously; and these, at the close of the fourth act, were continued long after the curtain had fallen: indeed, the audience seemed desirous of calling her before it; and the same satisfaction was manifested up to the close of the performance, when she was led forward by Mr. Phelps, amidst loud acclamations. Miss Addison has everything in her favour. She is young; her appearance is exceedingly prepossessing; her voice clear, and capable of nice modulation; and her figure unexceptionable. Her few faults—and they are very few, even for the most rigid critic to discover—can all be easily amended; since she has evidently intelligence and a nice perception to guide her in correcting one or two provincialisms, which, in a good school, she will soon get quit of.

The play was performed, generally, in a manner that would have done credit to any theatre in London. Mr. Phelps was admirable as *Melnotte*, and shared the applause with his fair young colleague; and Mr. A. Young's *Damas*, was a fine portrayal of the sturdy, frank old soldier. Indeed, there was not a part, down to the humblest, that was not carefully played, in that spirit of uniform excellence which we have so often had occasion to commend, when speaking of the plays produced under this praiseworthy management. The scenery and dresses were perfect; the *entr'acte* music was capably played by the orchestra; and we are happy to add that the house was crowded, literally to the ceiling.

Miss Addison plays this evening in the "Patrician's Daughter"; and we can, advisedly, recommend our theatrical readers to witness her performance.

"THE WILD MAN OF THE PRAIRIES."

The attempt made to hoax the gentle public by the exhibition of this pseudo-monster has turned out a failure; and there is a forlorn look in its portrait, still posted on the walls of the metropolis, that is absolutely sad to behold. The question of "What is it?" has been simply solved in the *Times*, by a cunning visitor, who finds it is Mr. Hervey Leech, the "Signor Hervio Nano" who played in the "Gnome Fly," during one of poor Yates's splendid gags at the Adelphi. We suspected as much when we first saw the picture of the Wild Man; and should have recognised our old friend the instant we saw him. But, on going to the Egyptian Hall, on Monday afternoon, we found he was invisible. The question of "What is it?" immediately induced another of "Where is it?" and this led to our asking "Why is it?" and "Who is it?" to all of which we in time found a solution. The man told us that What's-his-name had been taken ill, and was expected to die; and at the same time a person with whom an arrangement had been entered into for some advertising vans was informed that one of the visitors had given Thing-um-bob an apple stuck with pins, and that the doctors had been called in, but had said that poor What-dye-call-him could not live throughout the day. This was all very painful—to those who believed it; but we were not of them. We still clung to our notion of Hervey Leech, and the letter the next day in the *Times* put our mind at rest upon the subject. So that we suppose "The Wild Man of the Prairies," so savage to strangers, as the bill said, went quietly home to dinner in a cab, and slept that night in his usual second-floor wigwam.

THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

ANOTHER ROYAL CRUISE.—Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Royal children, suite, and servants, left Osborne House at half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and embarked in the state barge from Mead's Creek, got on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* yacht at ten minutes before eight, and immediately put to sea. The Royal yacht was accompanied by the *Fairy*, in charge of Lieutenant Crozier; *Black Eagle*; Mr. Cook; and the *Garland*, Mr. Smithet. The Lord Chamberlain went on board the yacht in attendance upon the Queen. The Lady in Waiting, the Maid of Honour in Waiting, the Hon. Miss Kerr, and the Equerry in Waiting, the Hon. Colonel Grey, were in the Royal Suite. The yacht proceeded across the Channel to Jersey.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER.—In our late impression last week, we announced the return of the Queen Dowager, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess William of Prussia. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Princess of Prussia and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, left her residence, Marlborough House, on Wednesday, to pay a visit to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, at Richmond. On Thursday her Majesty the Queen Dowager and her Royal Highness the Princess of Prussia, attended by a numerous suite, left town for Cashibury Park, Hert.

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne intend to be absent from this country about nine weeks, having gone on a tour of the German spas, for the benefit of the noble Marquis's health. On the return of the noble Marquis and Marchioness they repair to Bowood-park, where they will receive company till after Christmas.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—The health of the above-named nobleman is so far restored as to remove all uneasiness as to his ultimate recovery.

PROPOSED ARISTOCRATIC MARRIAGE.—Active preparations are being made at Powis Castle for the approaching marriage of Lady Charlotte Herbert, second daughter of the Earl of Powis, to Hugh Montgomery Esq., of Grey Abbey, Ireland. It is understood that the marriage will be solemnised at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, early this month. Great rejoicings are expected in Welshpool and other places where the noble Earl's estates are situated.

WINDSOR, THURSDAY EVENING.—(From our own Correspondent.)—It may now be pretty confidently stated that there is no probability of the Court returning to Windsor until the early part of next month. Indeed, it is inferred that her Majesty may not arrive at the Castle until even a later period. The Duchess of Kent took an airing this afternoon, in an open carriage and four, attended by the Baroness de Speth, Lady Anna Maria Dawson, and Lady Cowper.

CITY OF LONDON GENERAL PENSION SOCIETY.—The Secretary of this Institution, Mr. H. F. Richardson, has been honoured with a communication from his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, consenting to reside at the next Anniversary Festival of this valuable Charity. Amongst numerous donations lately received by the Society, may be named, from the Marquis of Breadalbane, £50; Thomas Dickinson, Esq., £52 10s.; the Worshipful Companies of Goldsmiths and Drapers, each £50; Joseph Buxendale, Esq., £52 10s., in addition to 80 guineas; Mrs. H. F. Richardson, £10 10s.; Luke J. Hansard, Esq., £60, in addition to £110; Mr. and Mrs. Braithwaite, £21; Mr. Uzielli, £21; &c. &c. It is anticipated that, after the next Festival, the payments to the Pensioners will be at their maximum amount, as resolved on in 1818, the date of the foundation of the Society.

THE HOME OFFICE.—On Tuesday preparations for the demolition of this building commenced: the structure to be raised on its site will form the northern wing of the Treasury.

LITERATURE.

THE STRUGGLES AND ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE. By ALBERT SMITH. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Part I. Bentley.

A Cyclopedist has cleverly defined the Novel, as distinguished from other narrative works of imagination, to be in effect a tolerably faithful but somewhat exaggerated reflection of the favourite ideal objects and pursuits of the reading classes of the day. To this variety of publications, the work before us promises to be a sparkling and attractive contribution. To our thinking, it betrays no falling-off in the author's rare talent for observation, or his aptitude for describing scenes of familiar life; notwithstanding his rapidity of production during the few years that have elapsed since he started in "the literary world;" and, it is no partiality towards a Contributor to our columns that induces us to point to his position as one alike both of admirable performance and promise. The school of writing in which his genius has developed itself, may not satisfy the more scrupulous admirers of the historical and antiquarian, or even of the sentimental novel; but, it meets the ceaseless current—the insatiable demand—of a large proportion of the reading masses for life-like sketches of scenes and events which are continually taking place around them; and of characters who are constantly flitting before their eyes. The fragmentary mode of publication, too, in such works, requires that each portion should be highly wrought, and be sure to leave the reader on the tenter of suspense as to the incidents of its successor. Their narrative partakes of the startling realities of newspaper history, skilfully worked up with a fair share of the tendresse of domestic life—familiar, yet not common-place—humorous, with "indelicacy suppressed"—and seasoned with just enough of retributive justice in the story to accord with popular notions of right and wrong. Such are the broad characteristics of the novel of the day, to which class belong the "Tadpole Adventures."

The tale (of our own times) opens with a vivid picture of the fine old city of Chester; and a capital scene at one of the inns, where the hero is born. Ten years elapse, and, in the next chapter, we have a "Great Soirée" at a scientific institution in a small town, teeming with sly shafts of humour, lot fly at our over-crammed age, and introducing a Chester legend, giving rise to the proverb which the good citizens still use, of "When the daughter is stolen, shut the Peppergate," an adage, which by popularly varying the positions to that of a steed and a stable-door, is not unknown all over England. The third chapter shifts to London, and shows a vulgar upstart, thrusting himself into fashionable life; with many a glimpse of the ring of folly and life-wasting. We have only room to quote from one of the opening pages:—

"A marvellous city is commercial, every-day, common-place Chester—that is, if it can be so. For the passenger's footway lies right through the first floor fronts of the houses—which are cleared away altogether, and above the shop, of ordinary normal position, by the road-side; and thus, the back drawing-rooms, or whatever else they may be, are turned into more shops; and great is the puzzle of the stranger as to whether the road-way is down in the cellar, or he is up stairs on the landing, or the house has turned itself out of window; affording a literal proof of that curious state of domestic affairs so often spoken of. And first he fancies the 'row'—as it is termed—is like the Quadrant, with the road excavated a floor lower, and shops made under the pavement; and then it reminds him of a Thames-side tavern, with all the shutter wainscots, that divide the large convivial room into so many little phillandering ones, drawn away, and the windows knocked out. And, finally, he arrives at the conclusion that there is nothing else in the world at all like it, except the lithographs published by the enterprising librarians who live there."

"But very convenient is this arrangement for old ladies of weak minds who quail at meeting cattle; and young ladies of extravagant ones who dote on shopping, in spite of the weather. For it raises the first above suspicion even of danger; and shelters the second from being favoured with the visits of the clouds, who cannot here drop in upon them. And so, we opine, that umbrellas are yet unknown in Chester; and clogs and pattens are things to look and wonder at, worthy of a place in the museum of the Water Tower. One only inconvenience do the rows present: convivial gentlemen, who won't go home till morning, under ordinary social circumstances, must be apt to descend suddenly into the valleys, which here and there break their continuity in the shape of by-estreets. But this may be amended in time by the good gentlemen, who pay such pen-and-ink attention to the sanatory condition of large towns, and form a grotto for Hygeia at the bottom of an instand."

The work is illustrated with two characteristic plates by Leech.

LETTERS TO A BRIDE. By EMMA PESSINA. Sharpe.

The amiable object of the author of this volume is to lay down a rule of conduct as regards "the absorbing duties, pains, and pleasures of married life." The purpose deserves high encouragement, and the mode in which it is carried out in these gracefully yet earnestly written letters, is entitled to great praise. They are written in a tender and endearing spirit, seeking to inculcate the importance of woman in the social scale, and her influence upon the well-being of every sphere.

The tone of the work is healthy, impressive yet not gloomy, and cheerful without lightness or frivolity; whilst, in every page we trace an elegant turn of mind, a purity and delicacy, yet homeliness of precept, which must render the volume a treasure present to all of the class to whom it is specially addressed. The "Letters" are "On Woman's Mission;" "On the Cultivation of the Mind;" "On Motives of Action;" "On the Use of Wealth;" "On the Employment of Time;" "On the Choice of Acquaintance;" "On Conversation;" "On the Affections under the influence of the Christian Religion;" "Conclusion." We are glad to perceive that the work is published under high patronage; its long list of subscribers being headed by her Majesty the Queen Dowager. It is, in every respect, worthy of such honourable introduction.

A NEW UNIVERSAL ETYMOLOGICAL AND PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Part I. to X. J. Gilbert.

Of the making of English Dictionaries there is no end; nor do we see how there can be any limit to the lexicographer's labours, whilst every twenty years add thousands of technological words to our language. "Constant Readers," and "Old Correspondents," are inveterate seekers after etymons and roots of words; and the pursuit is an amusing one, if it have even no higher aim and result. This class of word-hunters, we opine, will be gratified with the work before us, as far as it has yet been proceeded with. It is based upon the Dictionaries of Johnson and Walker; with the addition of the principal terms which have been introduced and established since their day to the present time in literature, natural and mechanical science, arts, and manufacture: the Greek, Hebrew, and other ancient roots being printed in Italics. "Obsolete words from old English authors are given and denoted as such, and illustrated by quotations. The Editors have set themselves a Herculean labour, and have, hitherto, worked stonily; the Tenth Part extending but to the end of the letter C. We can scarcely examine such a work more than cursorily: indeed, the only way to test a Dictionary is by frequent use or reference. We can but look for definitions in the most common use of the term in the work before us; and, though we reluctantly find fault with such an attempt to offer to the reading masses an extensively serviceable Dictionary, we are bound to protest against the vast number of technical terms in this new Dictionary, and especially to those very rarely used. Neither are some of the definitions so clear as we could wish: for example, under "Anchovy" is this passage:—"It so closely resembles the common sprat, that it is often pickled and sold under that name." Again, under "Anchusa," the popular name, "Alkanet," is not given. These are discrepancies which we hope to see obliterated in the progress of the work. The printing of the technicals requires greater vigilance: thus, under "Alkanet," we have "tinctorea," and under "Anchusa," "tinctoria"; the latter being correct. These may appear to be minor faults; but they are blots in a Dictionary, where every word is expected to be an authority. Such mechanical defects as we have pointed out are of easy prevention; and the work promises to be acceptable to so large a class of inquirers, that we cordially wish it both literary and commercial success.

A TREATISE ON PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. Part 2. By A. NESBIT. Longman and Co.

The first portion of Mr. Nesbit's work contains all the Rules of Arithmetic that are considered strictly commercial. The present Part, completing the work, comprises the higher and more intricate branches of this science, commencing with Vulgar Fractions, very extensively treated. These are followed by Decimal Fractions, the Application of Logarithms, Alligation, Simple and Compound Interest by Decimals, the Purchasing of Freehold Estates, Life Annuities and Assurances, Interest Tables, the Stocks, or Public Funds, Foreign Exchanges, &c. To nearly every department of the work are appended Practical Questions for grounding the learner; and there is much practical information conveyed in the Notes, Remarks, and Observations throughout the volume, which is wound up by a concise Commercial Dictionary of Terms, useful in mercantile pursuits.

It would scarcely be possible to convey to the reader the vast amount of labour and calculation requisite to produce such a work as the present: the Author assures us that the information which he has collected from the Government offices and other great establishments of the metropolis "form such a mass of important, original, and instructive facts, as never appeared in any other work upon Arithmetic." The volume is accompanied by a Key, the general methods of solution in which will be found well adapted for the improvement of the student in his knowledge of Numbers, and in different modes of Calculation.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL. PART I., L'ÉCHO DE PARIS. By M. LEPAGE. Eleventh Edition. Wilson.

This reprint of "Familiar Phrases, which a person would daily hear said around him if he were living among French people," is especially opportune at this period of Continental emigration; the work being intended to serve as a sort of "royal road" to speaking French. It has been extensively and deservedly popular.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ADVANTAGES OF GENERAL EDUCATION. By F. B. RIBBANS, F.S.A. Whittaker and Co.

This pamphlet is addressed more especially to the Parents, Preceptors, and Pupils of the Youth of the Higher Ranks, and is dedicated, by permission, to the Venerable Archdeacon Bevan. The author, Mr. Ribbans, is Head Master of Sir Thomas Kewell's Grammar School at Carmarthen, and the greatest portion of his life has been devoted to the instruction of youth. Within the few pages before us, he attractively sets forth the best course of study, and shows that "good education does not consist merely in a knowledge of the Classics, or any branch of Mathematics or Natural Philosophy; but that it should discipline the mind, cheer the heart, and govern opinion—give to genius its wing, and to our capacity an interpretation. It should establish moral principles, afford a relish to the purest perception of human learning—to piety, persuasion, and permanency—and render information the handmaid to endless felicity."

OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

SIR JUSTINIAN VERE ISHAM, BART.



This gentleman, whose melancholy death, caused by his own hand, took place on Tuesday, the 25th ult., at his residence, Pittville, Cheltenham, was elder son of the late Sir Justinian Isham, Bart., of Lampport, county of Northampton, by Mary, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Close, of Drum-banagher, county Armagh, and represented an ancient and highly-respectable family, which derived its name from the Manor of Isham, in Northamptonshire, at a very remote period. So far back as the reign of Richard III., William Isham was one of the Northamptonshire gentlemen to whom that Monarch sent a letter requiring a loan of £40; and, in less than a century after, his descendant, John Isham, Esq., became Governor of the English Merchant-Adventurers in Flanders. Sir Justinian Isham, the second Baronet, married Vere, daughter of Thomas, Lord Leigh, and granddaughter maternally of Thomas Egerton, Viscount Brackley, the celebrated Lord Chancellor. The unfortunate gentleman, whose death we record, had not quite completed his 30th year. He was not married, and is, consequently, succeeded in the Baronetcy by his only brother, the present Sir Charles Edmund Isham, Bart., of Lampport.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. C." Stonehouse.—"If I move my Queen, crying 'check,' but have not removed my fingers from the piece, may I recall the 'check,' and move my Queen to another square, or can my adversary compel me to adhere to the first move, as a penalty for pronouncing the word?" This is a question of frequent occurrence, and has been answered by us twenty times at least. There is no penalty whatever incurred by your calling "check," provided you have not left the piece; and you are at liberty to play it where you please.

"P. T."—We have not the back Volumes to refer to, but we believe the Laws of Chess will be found in Volume two of the "Chess-Player's Chronicle."

"J. H." Worcester.—In all such cases, when practicable, we refer to the Author of the Problem: we have done so in this, and shall abide his reply; being anxious to show him the courtesy "J. H." will not extend to us.

"J. G."—We have submitted your suggestion to the constructor of the Problem. The result you shall know directly it reaches us.

"P. P. G."—Half a column would not suffice to answer all the questions you put. The moves of the pieces, Laws of the Game, &c., should be acquired from some friend, or by the assistance of an Elementary Treatise on the Game. Get Lewis's "Chess for Beginners."

"S. B." Hull Chess Club.—Thanks; they shall be examined shortly.

"Chess-Mania."—We have no back Numbers at hand to refer to. Please send the position.

"T. H." Chester Chess Club.—They have accumulated so rapidly of late, that we have at present some hundreds on hand awaiting examination. Yours shall be reported on shortly.

"A Subscriber."—What is the position to which you allude?

"Marazion."—We very much prefer Heydebrandt, Jaenisch, or Lewis.

"H. P." Newcastle.—It shall be attended to immediately.

"Rustic."—You will find competitors of every calibre at Reis's magnificent establishment, the Grand Dvian—certainly the finest school for Chess-playing in all Europe.

"B. D. N."—"W. R."—"G. P."—"Juvenis."—The Matches between Messrs. Staunton and Harrwitz are not yet concluded. Up to the present time, the German has won three Games of the Match in which he receives the Pawn and move—one Game in that wherein he receives P and two moves, and none in the even match. His opponent has won three Games even, and one of those in which he gives P and two moves.

Solutions by "A. Z.," "B. C.," "Arthur S.," "Sopraccila," "R. W. B.," "Juvenis," "Sam Slick," "R. W. D.," "T. H.," "P. W.," "Marazion," and "T. B.," are correct.

SOLUTIONS.

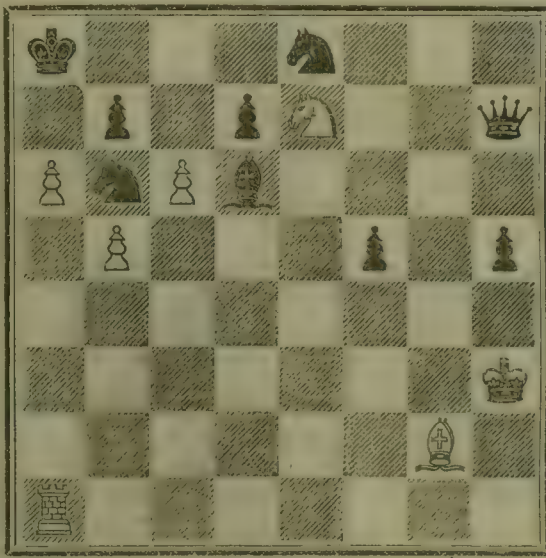
To No. 134.		To No. 135.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th	K to Q 5th or (a)	1. R to Q Kt 4th	K takes R or (a)
2. Kt to Q Kt 3d (ch)	K takes P	2. R to Q 5th—dis.	checkmate
3. Q to K 4th—mate	(a) 1. R to K 6th		(a) 1. Q to K 5th (ch)
	2. Kt to K 4th		or *
	3. Q to her 7th—mate		2. R to Q 3rd—dis. checkmate
There are other modes of play for Black, but none that will prolong the mate beyond three moves.		2. Kt to Q 3rd—mate	* 1. Q to K Kt sq
To No. 136.		WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 7th (ch)	P to Q 5th	4. R to Kt 7th (ch)	K takes P
2. B to his sq	K to Q 8th (becoming a Q) (best)	5. B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt 5th
3. Kt to K sq (dis ch)	K to Kt 5th	6. B to K 2nd (dis ch)	K to K 5th
		7. B takes Q—mate	

PROBLEM No. 138.

By MR. HODGSON, of the Bengal Civil Service.

White to play and mate in five moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 46.—By Mr. BREDE.		No. 47.—By the Same.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q 3rd	K at Q 4th	K at his R 3rd	K at his B 5th
Q at her R 8th	Q at K Kt 7th	Q at her B 5th	Q at her Kt 7th
Kts at K Kt 8th	R at Q B 3rd	R at K 5th	R at K B 7th
Q 7th	Kt at K B 2nd	B at K 8th	B at K Kt 8th
P at K 3rd	P's at K Kt 5th	P at K R 4th	P's at K R 4th,
	K 4th, & Q 3rd		K 3rd and 6th,
White to play, and mate in three moves.		White to play, and mate in three moves.	
No. 48.—By the Same.		No. 49.—By the Same.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q K sq	K at his R sq	K at his R sq	K at his R sq
Q at K Kt 4th	Q at her B 7th	Q at her B 7th	Q at her B 7th
B at K R 4th	R at Q R sq	R at Q R sq	R at Q R sq
Kt at K 7th	R at Q R 2nd	R at Q R 2nd	R at Q R 2nd
P at K Kt 5th	Kt at K Kt 7th	P's at K B 2nd and Q R 7th	
White to play, and mate in four moves.		White to play, and mate in four moves.	

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE.—On Saturday morning last, a number of distinguished savans, including Professors (Erdst, of Copenhagen; Muttuel, of Pisa; and Schomburg, of Upsal, met in the theatre of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, for the purpose of carrying out a series of experiments upon the gigantic hydro-electric machine of that establishment. From the eminent character of the philosophers there assembled, and their high reputation as electricians, the experiments were of a most interesting nature. On the day previous the condition of the boiler was carefully tested by hydraulic pressure up to 180lbs. on the inch, which is more than double the working pressure of the engine. The experiments were conducted under the direction of Professor Bachhoffner.

EPITOME OF NEWS.—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Letters from Bologna of the 19th ult., state that the amnesty granted to political offenders had been celebrated in that city by *fiets* of two days' duration. A vicious spirit had, however, been displayed by the revolutionary party, who committed outrages of various kinds for the purpose of expressing their dissent from the general satisfaction. It was rumoured at Rome that Prince Borghese would be appointed Treasurer; Prince Altieri, Minister of War; and Prince Piombino, Minister of Police and Governor of Rome.

Sir George Grey has appointed Mr. Richard Budden Crowder, Q.C., as Recorder of Bristol, in the room of the late Sir Charles Wetherell.

Accounts from Constantinople dated Aug. 12, state that disturbances of an alarming nature having broken out at Hadjara, in Lazistan, under the influence of the famous Kurdish chief, Klor Hussein, the few troops that were collected at Trebisonde were sent to the spot to quell them, and an addition of 1500 men has been expedited from Constantinople. It is stated that another insurrection had taken place at Livada, and that it was deemed necessary to forward thither a couple of thousand troops from Erzeroom. It is further added, that things are by no means quiet on the Persian frontier, the Persians having fortified certain points there.

The horrible crime of parricide was committed on Sunday night at Versailles, by a journeyman, named Chevillon, who suffocated his father by means of the fumes of charcoal, in order to obtain possession of a sum of 200*fr.*, which the son was aware he had just received. Information having been given to the police, he was arrested with the money in his possession, as was another young man, presumed to have been his accomplice.

A letter from Leghorn, of the 22nd ult., states that the shocks of earthquake had ceased. The accounts received there from various quarters carry the number of deaths to 70, and that of the wounded to 180. Above 4000 persons have been deprived of shelter by the falling of their houses. Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers have been opened, and the Grand Duke had come from Pisa to visit the wounded in the hospitals.

A Trieste letter of the 15th ult., says:—"The last accounts from Jerusalem represent all Palestine to be a prey to the horrors of famine, caused by the rivers and streams being dried up. At Safet many persons had already perished from want of food."

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the viaduct of the Liverpool and Bury Railway was performed on Saturday last.

It appears that this has been a dreadfully hot summer in Turkey. The heat has been quite tropical, but the public health has been excellent. All kinds of fruit are in the greatest abundance, and of good quality. The crops in general have also been admirable in all directions.

A silver groat of David II., King of Scotland, was found near Redcar, a few days since. It is in fine preservation. Obverse—in profile, crowned, with sceptre on the right—"David Rex Scotorum." Reverse—cross, with radiating stars of five points in the quarterings—"Edinburgh," with some minter's name, having been minted there. Edward III. first struck groats in 1354.

La Presse has advices from Venice which state the typhus fever to be raging at Milan. From the same communication we extract the following:—"In circles always well informed, considerable attention is bestowed on the report that the Count de Chambord (the Duke de Bordeaux) is to be married to the young Princess of Mecklenburg, who was at Vienna when the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duchess Olga passed through that capital."

At a meeting of the Swiss Diet, which was held at Zurich on the 25th ult., the question of the Jesuits was put to the vote with the following results:—For the abandonment of the question, 84 states; to declare the question a federal affair, 104 states; to summon all the states to repel the Jesuits, 94 states; to invite only Lucerne to expel them, 84 states; to invite the three other states to adopt that measure, 74 states; to prohibit any further reception of the Jesuits, 104 states.

The Augsburg Gazette of the 27th ult., states that expectations are now entertained of the settlement of the differences between Austria and Sardinia. The late Pope had been appointed arbitrator in the affair, and after his death the two Cabinets named the Emperor of Russia to that office. He at first refused, but has now yielded to the request of the Austrian Ambassador, and is about to act, not as arbitrator, but as mediator.

The Bishop of Calcutta embarked on Monday evening, at Portsmouth, on board the *Prince of Wales*, an East India ship, to return to his diocese.

Accounts from Tarnow of the 16th August state, that the peasants of Walga, near Dombetza, to the number of 200, excited by an Israelite emissary, had attacked and plundered the Castle of Walga. The lord of the manor effected his escape with considerable difficulty through a back staircase. On receipt of that intelligence a detachment of the regiment of the Archduke Stephen left Dombetza, for Walga. The peasants dispersed on its approach, but the Judge, who headed the party, and 26 peasants, were taken prisoners. The principal leader, however, escaped. This event spread such a terror amongst the nobility, that they all abandoned their country residences, and sought refuge in the towns. Tarnow is filled with refugees.

The German Gazette of Frankfurt, under date of the 23rd ult., states that a report was prevalent that the sequestration which had been placed on the property of the Princess Czartoriski, in Galicia, had been taken off on Prince Czartoriski signing a written engagement not to interfere with the affairs of Poland. In case of his breaking it, all his property would be confiscated.

The rich convent of Servites, near Prague, has lately been destroyed by fire. Not a single book of its extensive and valuable library could be saved.

A notice has been received at Lloyd's, reporting a serious accident to the French ship *Cecilia*, which had put into the Mauritius, on the 8th of June last, almost a wreck, from the effects of lightning, and with a loss of four men. For a moment, it is said, the ship appeared in a blaze of vivid light, and every timber in her shook as if the ship had struck on a rock. The poor seamen who lost their lives were standing forward close to the chains. They were burnt dreadfully; when found their clothes were on fire.

The Berlin papers contain elaborate accounts of the ascent of Mr. Green, son of the celebrated aeronaut, in a balloon 33 feet in diameter, and 67 feet in length from the top to the bottom of the car. This is about a middle size between Mr. Green's sen's large and small balloons. The spot from which the balloon ascended was granted for the purpose by the King of Prussia, who honoured the expedition with his patronage. About 40,000 spectators were assembled. Mr. Green was accompanied by Count Schafschotsch and Herr Kühnel. The balloon alighted on the plain of Gross-Beeren, and it is a remarkable coincidence that this was on the anniversary of the victory gained on that spot by the Prussians over the French.

The first experimental trip on the Rouen and Havre Railway took place on Sunday last, and proved to be a remarkably successful one. The extent of the trip was from the station at Havre to the magnificent viaduct at Merville, a distance of about 18 English miles. The train ran at the rate of 20 miles an hour, stopping at Harfleur, and at Etahnuis, the first station on the line from Havre. Everything bids fair to see the line permanently opened, according to the present intentions of the company, in the course of the month of October.

Advices from Launceston to the 17th of April, *via* Sydney, mention the failure of Messrs. Henty and Co., of that place, who, it is stated, have stopped for £90,000.

A letter from the Havannah informs us that the cultivation of tobacco is increasing immensely in Cuba, in consequence of the great demand for Havannah cigars, whilst in many districts of the island the cultivation of coffee is on the decrease. The crop of this year is most prolific, but there is a prejudice against the quality in certain cases, as the buildings for drying, sorting, and packing the tobacco were too small in proportion to the quantity, and the tobacco was brought to market in an immature state. Still the demand continues to exceed the supply.

The line of railway between Manchester and Rawtonstall will be opened on the 23rd inst.

The German Journal of Frankfurt states, on the authority of letters from the Roman States, that Don Miguel is making preparations for an expedition to Portugal. This report is in some measure confirmed by a letter in the *Italo*, of Madrid, which states that Don Miguel is only waiting the arrival of the vessel which is to convey him to Portugal, in order to carry his plans into execution.

Mr. Joseph Locke, the engineer, is said to have become the purchaser of the manor of Honiton, including the whole of the borough. The purchase money, it is believed, exceeds £80,000.

The Prussian Government has just decided that all the waste ground in the interior of the country shall be cleared, and the marshes drained, for the purpose of preventing emigration, and of fertilising the country. It is in contemplation to employ the said land to form colonies of the poorer classes similar to those near Strasburg.

Intelligence has been received that the blocks of sculpture lately found in the ruins of Nineveh have been safely got on board the *Cormoran* at Basora. The vessel sailed from that port on June 1, on her way to France.

The Cork Examiner says that assurances have been received from several parts of the country that cholera has followed the use of diseased potatoes.

The Post Ampt Gazette, of the 30th ult., states that the negotiations between the Duke de Modena and the Pretender to the Crown of Spain are still going on, relative to the marriage of the younger son of the latter with the sister of the Duke. Don Carlos is in want of money, and the lady is, it is said, richly endowed in that respect.

The entertainments attending Prince Albert's recent visit to Liverpool cost the Corporation of that borough three thousand pounds.

A deputation from the Society of British Artists, consisting of Messrs. Hassell, Clint, Stevens, Tennant, and Hill, waited on Sir George Grey on Wednesday, at the Home Office, with reference to the application of the society for a Royal Charter of Incorporation.

A petition is in the course of signature at Brighton, praying the Queen and the Government that the Pavillon may be preserved as a royal residence.

The Augsburg Gazette, in a letter from Innsbruck, 21st ult., states that the works on the railroad, which will facilitate the transit of the English Overland India Mail, are rapidly advancing. The road goes direct from Trent to Bregenz. Eighty millions of francs have been voted for its completion.

Some Chinese bricks have been imported into Liverpool. The parcel comprises the large number of 15,000, which are intended for actual use in this country for the general purposes to which they are applied.

THE PEASANTRY OF DORSETSHIRE.



VILLAGE OF WHITCHURCH, DORSET.

THE attention of the public has of late been drawn to the condition of the labouring population of Dorsetshire, by a series of graphic Letters, which have appeared within the last three or four months in the *Times* journal. The inquiry is a subject of paramount interest at a time when the increase of the comfort of the labouring classes is largely occupying the consideration of philanthropists; and the careful collection of such information as is contained in these documents must, doubtless, prove of beneficial aid towards this great work of social improvement.

Several passages in these Letters promised fit opportunities for the Artist's skill; and the Illustrations which we now submit to the reader are the result of a short journey in one of the districts visited by the *Times*' Correspondent, and described, though rather fiscally than as to the precise localities, in his communications.

The first of our Illustrations is a fair specimen of a village in Dorset—Whitchurch, on the road from Blandford to Dorchester; and, as an inscription upon one of the cottages states "109 miles from Hyde Park Corner." The scene has attracted our Artist by its picturesqueness. The cottages are built with mud walls, composed of road scrapings, chalk and straw: the foundation is of stone or brick, and on this the mud wall is built in regular layers, each of which is allowed to dry and harden before another is put over it. Every dwelling is

thatched, as are also the garden walls: these are frequently built of the above cheap materials, the top being protected from the weather by the small roof of thatch, which extends a few inches over each side. A specimen of the *thatched wall*, not entirely peculiar to Dorset, is shown in the left-hand corner of the Engraving.

The exterior view of the Cottage, upon the adjoining page, is sketched from the same locality as the preceding—the village of East Morden, in the neighbourhood of Blandford. This is a charmingly picturesque *bit* for the painter; though its propped-up walls and decaying thatched roof, but too closely indicate the privation and suffering of the inmates.

Of one of the villages, Stourpaine, about midway between Blandford and Sturminster Newton, the *Times*' Correspondent gives this lamentable account:—

"The first feature which attracts the attention of a stranger on entering the village, is the total want of cleanliness which pervades it. A stream, composed of the matter which constantly escapes from pigsties and other receptacles of filth, meanders down each street, being here and there collected into standing pools, which lie festering and rotting in the sun so as to create wonder that the place is not the continual abode of pestilence—indeed the worst malignant fevers have raged here at different times. It may be sufficient to add for the present that the inside of the cottages in every respect corresponds with the external ap-

pearance of the place. The wages here in very few instances exceed seven shillings per week.

"Another fruitful source of misery, as well as immorality, is the great inadequacy of the number and size of the houses to the number of the population, and the consequently crowded state of their habitations, which in Dorsetshire generally, and in Stourpaine particularly, afford the most limited accommodation.

"The want of proper ventilation in these houses must be to the last degree detrimental to the health of the inhabitants; the atmosphere, especially of the sleeping apartments, to an unpractised nose is almost insupportable. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark that dishes, plates, and other articles of crockery, seem almost unknown; there is, however, the less need for them, as grist bread forms the principal, and I believe only kind of food which falls to the labourer's lot. In no single instance did I observe meat of any kind during my progress through the parish. The furniture is such as may be expected from the description I have given of the place—a rickety table and two or three foundered chairs generally forming the extent of the upholstery. Want, famine, and misery, are the features of the village, and yet I am credibly informed that the peasant of the Vale of Blackmore and the western parts of the country is as hungry, emaciated, and squalid a being as the denizen of Stourpaine.

"From this picture of a Dorsetshire parish, it may be readily gathered that



INTERIOR OF A DORSETSHIRE LABOURER'S COTTAGE.

THE PEASANTRY OF DORSETSHIRE.



DORSETSHIRE PEASANTRY.

apathy and indifference on the part of the landed proprietor, and the grasping and closefisted policy of the farmer, are the causes of the prevailing distress. The default of the one is apparent in his neglect to provide proper habitations in which the labourer may bring up his family in comfort and decency. In no county, notwithstanding the universal increase of population, is the want of new cottages so apparent, and the neglect of the landlord, in this point at least, so conspicuous. The latter, in withholding from the man who serves him a just and reasonable reward for his services, is acting neither wisely nor honourably. Both seem to have forgotten, or at least to have shut their eyes to the undoubted fact, that one of the surest methods of consulting the public advantage, is to secure to the lower class comfort and competence."

Of the parish of Handley, in the same district, the Correspondent gives the following details:—"Some of the cottages in the village, from continual neglect and the total absence of repair, are rendered insecure to that degree, that the inmates must be in a continual state of 'fear and trembling.' One of these tenements, the property of the parish, deserves particular attention. A labourer and his family—in all, eight persons—are the occupiers of this hovel, in which there is but one bedroom for their accommodation. There is a small opening, about a foot square, in this apartment, which is unglazed, and serves the purpose

of a window. The numerous cracks and fissures in the walls, which on every side present themselves, denote that at no very distant period this disgrace to the parish in which it stands will effectually remove itself. The furniture in the lower room, which, in every respect, corresponds with the upper one, consists of one chair, of most antique and unsafe appearance; two tables, which may be referred to an equally remote period; and a rude wooden bench, about four feet long. The rents of most of the houses in this parish vary from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per week."

Our interior illustration is a specimen of a labourer's cottage, in the Blandford district, with somewhat nearer approach to comfort than the above. Still, the furniture is poor and scanty; and the cradle, in which the infant is asleep, consists of rough boards, clumsily nailed together. The walls and ceiling, too, have wide fissures. The little girl seated in the chair is a portrait, and the neatness with which her hair is arranged, is by no means singular among the children of the poor in this county.

The Blandford district is, however, far from an unfavourable specimen of Dorsetshire and its labouring classes; and the *Times* Correspondent found Corfe in a much worse condition: he thus speaks of the cottages:—

"Judging from the filthy appearance of the walls, which are black with age and dirt, one feels disposed to imagine that the art of making whitewash, like

that of staining glass, is lost. Here and there the bare laths of the partitions, which have been long denuded of their coat of plaster, are to be seen, and contribute to the comfortless and wretched appearance of the place. I may here observe, and the remark will apply to every part of the county I have hitherto visited, that nowhere, especially among the younger part of the population, have I met with so many cases of personal deformity, as well as other natural defects, such as deafness, dumbness, and idiocy, the causes of which I think may clearly be traced to the want of proper and sufficient food, and the general mode of life which prevails among the lower classes."

Nor are the roadside characteristics more promising:

"In passing through the different villages which lie scattered along the road, the attention is often arrested by the frail and miserable appearance of the cottages, many of which are supported by props, and, in fact, every contrivance for keeping falling and tottering walls together seems to be resorted to; and occasionally an open door, which reveals a mud floor and the usual heap of squalid half clothed children rolling upon it, serves to remind you that you are in Dorsetshire."

The Group of Labourers in the annexed page, is an average specimen of the Peasantry. We quote a few details:—



LABOURER'S COTTAGE, NEAR BLANDFORD.

"There is one custom which prevails among the farmers of this country which seems extraordinary. It is the repugnance they exhibit to regard a young and unmarried man (with respect to his wages) in any other light than that of a mere boy. Those who, to use the words of *Bardolph*, are not 'accommodated with a wife,' are usually paid at the rate of 5s. or sometimes 6s. per week. Not that there is any difference in the nature of the employment, or in the amount of exertion expected from him; in this respect, at least, he is on a par with his married competitor; he works as hard and as many hours in the day, and is at all times, and for all purposes, considered as a person of mature age, with the exception of the day on which he receives his wages. On that occasion he descends from man's estate, dwindles into a mere boy, and is paid accordingly.

"The shepherds and carters generally, but by no means universally, enjoy some trifling privileges. In some instances, they live rent-free, and have 8s. per week, which is more than the ordinary run of wages. This is intended as a compensation for their being debarred from the benefit of 'tut-work,' which the nature of their employment, and the additional time required for the performance of their duties, prevent their undertaking. 'Tut-work' is regarded as one of the principal advantages of the Dorsetshire labourer; and here it will be proper to enumerate the privileges he enjoys, first, however, premising that they are similar to those enjoyed by the labourer of other counties, where his exertions meet with a much more substantial reward in 'hard money.' 'Tut-work' is, in other words, working by the piece or job, of which the labourer sometimes avails himself, when he has the opportunity, in order to increase his pittance of wages. In some instances the labourer is allowed a small piece of ground by his master, for the purpose of raising a crop of potatoes, &c., but this is far from an universal privilege.

One of the county newspapers, however, lately cited a more "Arcadian picture" from Corfe Castle and its vicinity:—

"We thought it was a good opportunity to interrogate several of the working labourers as to the wages they received, &c. To satisfy ourselves we took three or four as an example, and were highly gratified and pleased at the happy and contented manner in which they answered the different questions put to them. They all said their earnings throughout the year were eight shillings per week, and that many in the villages earned extra wages in hay and corn harvest. They each had a good cottage to dwell in (wind and water tight), and always kept in good repair; added to this was a good sized piece of garden-ground well stocked; each had also a quarter of an acre of potato ground, and so much fuel as they could burn by going after it. For all these comforts they paid but £2 per annum, and expressed themselves as being perfectly happy and comfortable."

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.

When "the Greeks" seem most liberal to "the Pigeons."

Then should they specially eschew the Phrygians.—*Liberal Translation.*

SOME five-and-twenty years ago, a certain philanthropist wrote a volume entitled "The Pigeons and the Greeks," concerning whose fate nothing satisfactory was ever heard from that time forth. Various rumours, indeed, were afloat as to what had become of him; the most popular being that he was pounded to powder in a mortar, and gathered to his fathers in the dust of a subsequent Derby at Tattenham Corner. This may only have been a fable; but fables have their morals, and the natural deduction from the foregoing premises is, that care should be had how we meddle with sharp tools. The story of the author of "The Pigeons and the Greeks," notwithstanding, we proceed to fulfil our promise of last week by giving a plain unvarnished view of the philosophy of pastime called "betting," which is vulgarly regarded as a passage in the doctrine of chances. . . .

Adopting the fashion of Aristophanes, Dean Swift, and such like grave authorities, with your leave, we will identify our personages by the titles selected by the sage referred to as aforesaid. The Greeks, then, are the betting circles—professors of the ring—those who have taken their degrees as masters of art. The Pigeons—we "blush as we give it in," (oh, printer, plunge your types in red ink!) are our well-loved public. As example is a thousand per cent. better than precept, we beg to offer a scene from the last farce performed by these *dramatis personæ*. It is laid in the Subscription Room at York: time, the first day of the late meeting. Enter "a young gentleman, apparently fresh from the dinner-table." (This description we quote from a contemporary, because the best of valour is said to be discretion.) Enter a young gentleman, apparently fresh from the dinner table:—

"Who says Pyrrhus is worthy the confidence of the Greeks? Lo! I am the Orestes that do proclaim it a 'lame and impotent conclusion.' Pyrrhus be—hiccuped: ten talents to one against Pyrrhus; 20 to 1—thank you, Sir; 30 to 1—that's a Trojan; 40 to 1—never say die. Any more bidders for all that could perish of this immortal Greek? Friends, countrymen, and brothers, what in the name of Mercury do ye stare at?"

I came to bury Pyrrhus—not to back him.

Exit, singing—

I have found out a gift for my fair—
I have found where the wood pigeons breed.

Once more to the prose of our purpose. In the quarter of a century following the publication of the pamphlet of "The Pigeons and the Greeks," a system has grown up, as if to show that the martyr by whom it was written was a true prophet. Betting is now the most popular of all our National Sports: who talks of the Golden Age? Point out the epoch since the Deluge that furnished such an arch-imperial refuge for the destitute as that Utopia of the nineteenth century—the Ring? Who would have houses and lands?—let him go thither and pick and choose his castles and his manors? Who quotes the days in which the lion and the lamb met on familiar terms?—let him go into the Ring, observe the intercourse between the Lord and the Leg, and hide his diminished head. The good old times, quoth he! when piglings ready roasted offered themselves to the hungry, and laid the cloth for those who desired to eat them—are not these glorious new times, when those who have money run after those who have none, and bid them to gorgeous Olympic festivals, whereat they are entertained on the express condition that they help themselves to any amount of cash for which they may have occasion or caprice? Is this written in a mocking spirit? far from it—bold colours, as who should say "they that run may read." Racing is a stirring pastime—and a characteristic—Betting—followed as a system—and upon the principle now recognised—a positive libel upon the sanity of those by whom it is supported. Something more of this as an appropriate prologue to Doncaster Races.

TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—The most exciting portion of the afternoon's proceedings was the declaration that Pyrrhus the First would not start for the St. Leger; this was followed by a similar cue with regard to Mount Callan, and an offer of 1000 to 15, tantamount to a declaration against Dolo! The field, therefore, must be very small. The subjoined quotations will show a rise in Sir Tatton Sykes and Grimston, and a decline in Brocardo, who, nevertheless, had a good many friends.

LEAMINGTON STAKES.

4 to 1 agst Camera Obscura (t) 10 to 1 agst Pantana (t)

ST. LEGER.

11 to 2 agst Sir Tatton Sykes 9 to 1 agst Brocardo
6 to 1 — Traverser 10 to 1 — Grimston (t)
9 to 1 — Fancy Boy 10 to 1 — Iago (t)
40 to 1 — Joanna c.

YORKSHIRE HANDICAP.

8 to 1 agst Quadruped (t) 18 to 1 agst Bravissimo (t) 10 to 1 agst Jane (t)

WARWICK RACES.—WEDNESDAY.

The Trial Stakes of 12 sovs each, and 25 added. One mile.
Mr. Wall's Crown Prince, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb .. (A. Day) 1
Mr. Mytton's Auricula, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb 2
Mr. Rolt's Evening, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb 3
Betting: 5 to 4 on Auricula. Won by a length.
The Guy Produce Stakes of 50 sovs each, 1 ft. Mile course. 8 subs.
Mr. Wretford's West Countryman, 8 st 9lb .. walked over.
The Leamington Stakes of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and 5 only if declared, with 100 added. Two miles. The second receives £50, and the winner pays £15 to the Judge. 59 subs, 38 of whom declared.
Lord Brooke's Gwalior, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb .. (Crouch) 1
Mr. Mostyn's Camera Obscura, 3 yrs, 4st 12lb 2

The Maiden Plate of 50 sovs; for three-yrs-olds, 7st; four, 8st 3lb; five, 8st 9lb; six and aged, 8st 13lb; winners, 3lb extra; mares, &c., allowed 2lb. Heats, the two-mile course.
Mr. Skelmerdine's Rolla, 4 yrs .. (Whitehouse) 1
Lord Chesterfield's b c by Don John, out of Game Lass, 3 yrs .. 2
Won in a canter.

The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas. Heats, two miles.
Mr. John Day's The Hero, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb .. walked over
The Welter Stakes, of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and 15 added. Heats, two miles.
Sir J. Gerard's Parthian, 6 yrs walked over

THE GREAT CRICKET MATCHES IN THE NORTH.—The first of the series of grand matches with the North was commenced on Monday, at Sheffield, the match being entitled "Eleven of all England v. Twenty of Sheffield." The ground was crowded. All England went in first, and made 80 runs. The match was resumed on Tuesday morning. The innings of the Sheffield party was not favourable, and their runs amounted to 72, or 8 less than that of "All England." "All England" had made 89 in their second innings, when time was called, and had lost six wickets. On Wednesday morning the match was resumed and concluded in favour of Sheffield by five wickets.

THE FIRST DAY OF PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.—On Tuesday last, the 1st of September, the early trains of the several railways conveyed masses of metropolitan sportsmen, with their Manions and pointers, to various parts of the country, with the pleasing anticipation of abundance of game and good sport. The reports from the crack manors are satisfactory, partridges being plentiful and strong on the wing, and, feeding on the ripening grain, are in prime condition. In many parts of the country there appears to have been a second hatch or brood, but the birds are not yet sufficiently strong to rise, and it is to be hoped that these coveys will not be considered "fair game" by the sportsman. Hares are also reported to be in first-rate condition, fat and active, from the abundance of pasture both on plains and preserved covers. The trains at night brought up an immense quantity of game, which had been killed in the early part of the day. The birds were both large and plump. Accounts from the moors state that the sport, although good, is not equal to that of last season, the grouse on many of the moors being affected with a disease. The birds are also represented to be remarkably wild. Blackcocks are numerous.

GOLD; OR, THE HALF-BROTHERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHAPTER VI.

It is not worth while to do more than briefly explain how the intended marriage was stayed. Among the strange contradictions which startle a thoughtful observer, and show how completely the habit of viewing things through a selfish medium, blinds and warps the moral sense, is the fact that we often hear of so-called "respectable" individuals lending themselves to promote the mercenary marriages of male friends or relatives, by those sinister yet effectual means, which, if pursued by others towards their daughters or sisters, would draw down a torrent of vindictive reproaches. Thus Mr. Drayton had found a lady, a married cousin, ready and willing to assist him by making her house the rendezvous of the lovers; and, finally, by throwing theegis of her protection before the fair fame of Catherine, by accompanying her on that eventful morning to a certain church in a distant parish, where for the last three Sundays, their bans had been published.

Long and wearily the two ladies waited for the would-be bridegroom; and when at last he appeared, crest-fallen and out of temper, it was to apprise them, that Mr. Joyce was following on the instant, the driver of the carriage he had hired having yielded to a golden persuasion, and revealed whether he was to have conveyed him. An inexpressible sense of shame came over the heart of poor Catherine. Only now was she thoroughly conscious of the unwomanly step into which she had been led by her self-willed temper and imprudent passion. She trembled from head to foot, and large hot tears chased each other down her cheeks. The lady "friend," to whom the scene was too indifferent to arouse any feelings or expressions of real sympathy, chinked the false metal of common-place set phrases in her ear; and Frederick Drayton, angry with himself and the whole world at the defeat of his scheme, was too much absorbed in his own egoism to play the part of consoler with any effect to her he had misled and deluded.

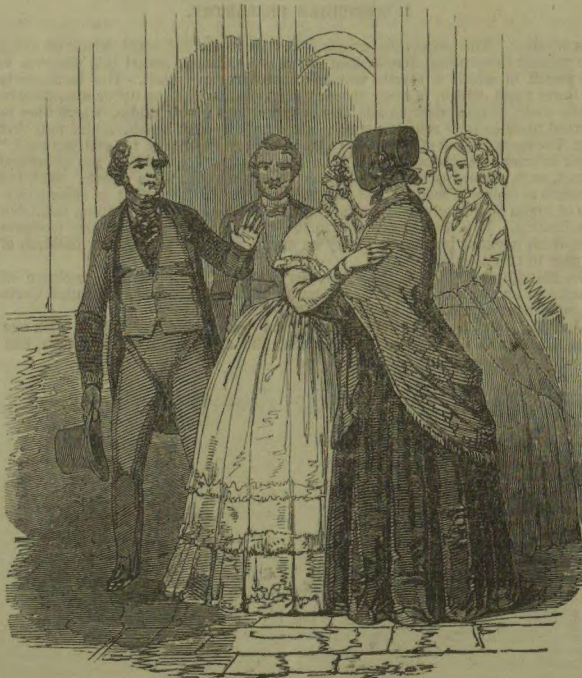
Meanwhile Margaret Clifford found herself, she hardly knew how, beside Mr. Joyce, rattling through the streets of London, in the first cab he had been able to find. She had an indistinct recollection of angry words passing between the gentlemen, and of a brief parley with the coachman at the door; but it was only now that she had time and power to reflect in what manner she dared use the knowledge she possessed of Mr. Drayton's unworthiness.

"Explain, my dear Miss Clifford," exclaimed Mr. Joyce, "what it is you know; I beseech you tell me, how you will prevail on my unhappy child to relinquish this worthless man."

"Alas! alas! I feel now that you must trust me," she replied, "that she must believe my word. I know the story of his heartless betrayal of another—but her name I cannot, will not mention; unless, indeed this other victim give me free permission, and she is generous and may do so."

Perhaps Mr. Joyce thought youthful confidences needed not so much respect; but since Margaret, at any rate, felt sure she could serve his cause, he strove to be content that she should do it in her own way.

Mr. Joyce was a warm-tempered man, and when he arrived at the church he found it difficult to conceal his indignation. Contrasted with her father's anger, her lover's selfishness, and the ill-concealed indifference of her new acquaintance, there is no wonder that Catherine appreciated the heartfelt sympathy of Margaret Clifford; for in this hour of shame and anguish she gave her pity, not reproaches; and when she had but hinted that she had a tale to tell which would unmask the deceiver, Catherine fell upon her neck and murmured—"Take me home—take me to your home—I cannot go to mine. My brain reels at the thought of returning to the house which I believed I had left for ever."



Perhaps, under all the circumstances, this was the best thing to do. Mr. Joyce himself made but few objections to the plan; for he knew the influences by which she would be surrounded in Margaret's humble home were the ones he would most covet. Mrs. Clifford was "charmed" to receive her; but, perhaps, had this tribulation come upon some poor dependent acquaintance of her daughter the case would have been wholly different. As it was, she made "great allowances" for the fault of the heiress, and behaved accordingly. But it is a remarkable fact that when we are in the depths of anguish, "the black hoof of care" pressing upon the spirit, we are peculiarly alive to the sincerity of the sympathy expressed by those about us. It is as if the highly wrought brain rejects all medicine less pure than Truth, deriving solace even from this in its most unpalatable form, rather than from sugared cheats and sophistries.

Margaret Clifford only did her sister justice when she called Susan generous. Now that revealing the tale of her own error and folly, with every faithful detail, might be of use in arousing Catherine from her dream, she confided it to her without scruple. It would have been a strange sight for Mr. Frederick Drayton, could he have witnessed the conference which was held between the three girls that very evening. Wholesome, in one sense, for him, or such as him, to know the scorn and contempt in which he was held by all; but, on the other hand, too deeply gratifying to a coxcomb's vanity, to find how well and how warmly he had been loved by both his trusting dupes. Had been—for it was all over. But even in yielding up its idol—the idol it cannot, will not longer worship—the heart is terribly torn; and that revolution in life which suffering commonly effects, was working in both cases. With Susan Clifford, those only bleeding wounds were developing powers, which had hitherto only been guessed at. With Catherine, the spoiled child, impatient to endure, and little accustomed to slights or contradiction, the process was different. Mortification, anger, a dying love that was transmuting, by some strange alchemy, almost into hate—these passions were warring in her soul, sending the blood quickly to her throbbing temples, flushing her cheeks, and flashing her eyes. Once or twice she raised her hands to her head, and spoke of pain; and when, at last, she shared Margaret's chamber, and sought sleep, she sank only into a fitful slumber, disturbed by half-delirious dreams. Before twenty-four hours had passed, Catherine Joyce was in a brain fever!

I have often thought that it must be necessary for mental anguish to lead sometimes to disease and death, to point a warning to those who have passed unscathed, or to show to the less sensitive that such things are. And yet, an event of this kind is but as a lightning-flash that shows for a moment the depth and darkness of the thunder-cloud! We never know the myriad sorrows which all but reach the weight beneath

whose burden life and reason bend. Herein, too, is the physician often sorely taxed—seeing the results of suffering, and having to guess vaguely at the causes.

It was very natural that Mr. Joyce should wish to conceal from the world the lengths to which his daughter's infatuation had carried her. Nevertheless, he found it necessary to communicate some of the circumstances to Dr. G—, the physician who had been called in, and who was a friend of the family.

On her first attack of illness, Trevor Sefton, being in the house, had been consulted; and so prompt and judicious had been his measures, that he won by them the high consideration of Dr. G—, who generally saw him, and reported to him the progress of the case, whenever he visited his patient.

"I am obliged to leave town for a couple of days," he exclaimed one morning, soon after the dangerous crisis was passed, "but I leave our patient in your hands, Mr. Sefton, with the greatest confidence. I wish, too, you would keep your eye on her kind and gentle nurse—that sweet girl to whom, I believe, she owes much more than you know, or than I am at liberty to tell you."

"You mean Marga—, Miss Clifford," said Trevor, colouring, he knew not why.

"Yes," continued the kind-hearted, but somewhat eccentric, doctor, "though she tells me she is quite well, I presume to think that I know better than herself. And, really, when I reflect what would have happened but for her energy and presence of mind, I feel an admiration and interest for her beyond description."

The words of Dr. G— seemed to roll away a mist from the mental vision of Trevor Sefton. The shock he had received on seeing Margaret at Mr. Drayton's door, and the circumstance he had witnessed there, had blinded his judgment, and suffered a cruel suspicion to have birth. It is true, he knew nothing of Catherine's story; all that it had been thought necessary to mention was that she had disagreed with her family and had consequently left home for a time. But Dr. G—'s words showed that there was some mystery, and a mystery of which Margaret was cognisant; and this gave a different complexion to the whole affair. He was conscious now of what amid his more selfish sorrow he had scarcely observed, that her cheek was paler and her countenance altogether more expressive of suffering than could be accounted for, even by her anxious watching, especially now that her friend was pronounced out of danger. Could her evident grief have arisen from the change in his deportment towards her? He asked himself this question with a keen heart-thrill, in which were mingled bitter self-reproach, and yet a sense of recompense and satisfaction.

Trevor Sefton determined on that plan which in real life is always the best to adopt—to seek an explanation. True that novelists have been greatly indebted to the continuation of the misunderstandings into which they plunge the personages of their creation for the interest of their plots, and the "regulation" quantity of paper they have been enabled to cover; but the moral to be deduced is one of warning, not of example; and they who are wise will never be too proud to ask the meaning of a word or action they do not like, and cannot comprehend, from friend or lover.

(To be Continued.)

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.—From the fifth annual report of this excellent institution, just published, it appears that during the past year 63 in-patients were admitted and 1511 out-recipients, of which there are at present under treatment, 335. The total number treated since the present Hospital was established is, in-patients, 273; out-patients, 4893. The arrangements of the new Hospital at Brompton are such, as to accommodate, when completed, upwards of 200 in-patients, exclusive of the treatment of the out-door applicants.

THE WORCESTER, TENBURY, AND LUDLOW RAILWAY COMPANY.—An adjourned meeting of the scripholders in this Company was held at the London Tavern on Wednesday, at which a report was read giving some explanation bearing upon the charge of forgery against Captain Richardson—(See our Police Report). The report, after noticing various proceedings connected with the Company, says:—"The minutes of the meeting on the 21st of May stated that cheques should be signed by certain directors and countersigned by the secretary. When the minutes were read for confirmation, that portion relating to secretary's signature was erased, and on examining the cheques signed after this period none of them bore that officer's signature. The secretary having been requested to give some explanation on this subject, stated that the account was taken to Counts and Company, to avoid an attachment, there being law proceedings pending at the time, and that during a fortnight he was ignorant of the bank to which the account had been transferred when the money was received from the Accountant-General. The chairman (Capt. Richardson) declared that the reason the secretary's signature was excluded was that Messrs. Counts's house would receive none other than a private account. On the 7th of July the following resolution was passed:—'That a cheque be drawn for £10, and given to Mr. Howell, messenger, for his services.' This cheque was signed by the chairman, and handed over by him to the secretary to procure the signatures of Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Stevenson. Having obtained these, the secretary returned the cheque to Captain Richardson, the chairman. The committee feel reluctant to allude to the painful circumstances which have arisen in reference to this transaction, as they are already in course of judicial investigation. They deem it, however, their duty to observe in terms of censure upon the very improper and unjustifiable conduct of the directors in voting a sum of money, under the head of services, to a messenger, although they were well aware at the time that the statement was fictitious, the individual in question having no claim upon them whatever, and having never been employed as a messenger, nor indeed for a long period in any other capacity. The loose manner in which the signatures of the directors were obtained, and the recent habit of dispensing with the services of their executive officer in such respects, appear to have afforded unusual facilities for fraud."

THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE (Friday).—Since Monday the arrivals of English wheat have been somewhat on the increase, and we had a fair average number of samples of that article on sale to-day; still, however, the demand was very steady, at prices fully equal to those obtained on last market-day, and at which a good clearance was effected. The imports of foreign wheat have been small. Holders were very firm, and would not sell, except at 1s per quarter more money. The amount of business doing was, therefore, limited. No new barley at market. Old qualities were quite dear. We had a good demand for malt, which went off as it came to hand, at rather improved currencies. Oats—the supply of which was small—were in fair request, at full prices. Beans, peas, and flour as last advised.

ANIMALS.—English wheat, 2000; barley, 880; oats, 1510. Irish wheat, —; barley, —; oats, 390. Foreign wheat, 2000; barley, —; oats, 13,050. Flour, 2210 sacks; malt, 2160 quarters.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 43s to 50s; ditto white, 43s to 56s; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 42s to 50s; ditto white, 43s to 56s; rye, 30s to 34s; grinding barley, 24s to 27s; dillings, 23s to 26s; malted ditto, 30s to 33s; Lincoln and Norfolk malt, 56s to 62s; brown ditto, 61s to 63s; Kingston and Ware, 62s to 63s; Chevalier, 63s to 64s; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 23s to 26s; potato ditto, 31s to 34s; Youghal and Cork, black, 23s to 26s; ditto, white, 24s to 29s; tick beans, new, 36s to 37s; ditto old, 37s to 39s; grey peas, 35s to 37s; mangle, 33s to 36s; white, 36s to 40s; boilers, 40s to 43s, per quarter. Town-made flour, 42s to 46s; Suffolk, 36s to 38s; Stockport and Yorkshire, 35s to 37s, per 280 lbs. Foreign.—Free wheat, — to —; Danish, red, 44s to 52s; ditto white, 49s to 57s per quarter.

The Seed Market.—The best linseed cakes and white mustard seed are in good request, at higher prices. In all other articles very little is doing.

Linseed, English, sowing, 55s to 60s; Baltic, crushing, 58s 9d to 41s; Mediterranean and Odessa, 41s to 42s. Hempseed, 36s to 38s per quarter. Coriander, 12s to 14s per cwt. Brown Mustard-seed, 11s to 15s; white ditto, 10s to 13s. Tares, 5s 6d to 7s 0d per bushel. English Rapeseed, new, £21 to £22 per last of 112 lbs. Linseed cakes, English, £11 to £11 5s per ton; foreign, £7 10s to £8 10s per 1000; Rapeseed cakes, £5 0s to £5 2s per ton. Canary, 40s to 52s per quarter. English Clover-seed, red, 45s to 50s; extra, 55s to 62s; white, 60s to 62s; extra, up to 68s. Foreign, red, 40s to 48s; extra, 50s; white, 60s to 62s; extra, 75s per cwt.

Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread in the metropolis, are from 7d to 7½d; of household ditto, 5½d to 6½d per 4½ loaf.

Great Weekly Average.—Wheat 47s 10d; barley, 29s 1d; oats, 23s 0d; rye, 31s 10d; beans, 39s 9d; peas, 38s 6d.

The Six Weeks' Average.—Wheat, 46s 11d; barley, 27s 5d; oats, 23s 5d; rye, 30s 1d; beans, 38s 5d; peas, 36s 6d.

Duties on Foreign Corn.—Wheat, 10s 0d; barley, 4s; oats, 1s 6d; rye, 4s; beans, 4s 0d; peas, 4s 0d.

Sugar.—This market continues in a very inactive state, yet we can notice no alteration in value.

Coffee.—All kinds of raw sugar command very little attention, and prices have a downward tendency. Refined goods are heavy, at 62s to 62s 6d for brown, and 63s per cwt for standard lump.

Cocoa.—This market is firm, and, in some instances, the quotations have an upward tendency.

Rice.—We have very few sales to report in this article, and prices are not supported.

Provisions.—Irish butter is in good request, at a further advance in the quotations of from 4s to 6s per cwt. Waterford, landed is selling at 90s to 92s; Cork, 92s to 94s; Clonmel, 82s to 88s per cwt. On board, very little is doing. English butter commands the same amount of improvement. Best Dorset, 100s to 104s; inferior and middling, 94s to 98s; Devon 92s to 96s per cwt, and fresh 10s 6d to 12s 6d per dozen. Foreign butter is firm, at 100s to 104s for the best marks, and 72s to 76s per cwt, for other qualities. Bacon steady, at last week's prices. All other kinds of provisions are quite as dear, with a very steady sale.

Tallow.—There is a good demand for F.Y.C., at a trifle more money. The price on the spot is 41s 9d to 42s for old, and 42s 6d, for new from the scale. Town Tallow is firm, at 41s per cwt.

Oils.—This market is steady, at about last week's prices.

Hay and Straw.—Old meadow hay, £3 0s to £4 0s; new ditto, £2 5s to £3 12s; old clover, £4 10s to £5 10s; new ditto, £3 10s to £4 16s; oat straw, £1 8s to £1 10s; wheat straw, £1 10s to £1 12s per load.

Wool.—This market is very dull, at almost nominal currencies. Public sales of colonial will commence on the 9th inst.

Potatoes.—The supplies of potatoes are very abundant, and a good business is doing, at from 40s to 100s per ton.

Hops (Friday).—Nearly 1000 pockets of new hops have already reached us from Sussex and Kent in excellent condition. The demand, however, is by no means active; and the duty is called £150,000. Old and yearling hops have declined quite 5s per cwt. The following are the prices obtained for the new samples:—Kent pockets, £5 10s to £6 10s; Sussex ditto, £5 5s to £6 0s per cwt.

Coals (Friday).—Hills, 12s 3d; Haswell, 17s; Shotton, 16s 2d; Kellor, 16s 6d; South Durham, 16s 6d; Lambton, 16s 6d; Wylam, 16s 6d; and Wharfedale, 12s 3d per ton.

Smithfield (Friday).—The supply of home-fodder, beasts on offer, to-day, was very limited—that of foreign stock, large. Prime Scots, Devons, &c., commanded a very steady sale, at fully Monday's quotations; otherwise, the beef trade was in a sluggish state, at previous

NOTICE. The entrance to the Bespoke Department is at 84, Aldgate.—No business transacted at this Establishment from sunset Friday evening till sunset Saturday evening, when it is resumed till twelve o'clock.

THE END OF THE SEASON—1846—OFF TO PARIS.



CHANGING HORSES.

(Continued from page 153.)

please, they are all in their glory: commanding a portion a-piece for each of their party, when every Frenchman knows that one *plat* is sufficient for two people: scaring the waiter by the strange order of their dishes, beginning with those they ought to finish with; drinking all the expensive wines that can be taken together, and many that cannot: and looking up to the *dame du comptoir* with feelings of great reverence and admiration. All this you may see, at any time you choose to enter

a restaurateur's. For, go when you will, you will always meet some people dining there for the first time; and be amused by the extraordinary *menu* they will choose. Here, then, we bid them good bye: concluding with a bird's-eye view of Paris, such as may fill their heads after they have made the round of its wonders:—

PARIS.

Houses very tall and white;
Cafés bright, all glass and light

Barrows fill'd with two-sons wares;
Idlers lounging upon chairs;

Cabriolets the kennel spattering
Diligences loudly clattering;
Stalls of pictures, books, and maps;
Women walking out in caps;
Soldiers everywhere abounding;
Music on the Boulevards sounding;
Green trees growing o'er their paths;
Floating washing-boats, and baths;
Noble buildings; gilded railings;
Next them, dirty wooden pallsing;

Open gardens; dashing fountains;
And the Chaumiére's Russian moun-
tains;
Cooling ices, from Tortoni's;
Lovely riders, at Franconi's;
"Passages" of fancy trades,
Far beyond our own Arcades:
Such is Paris at a view;
If you doubt it, go there too.



PARISIAN CAFE.